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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Twelve ways to beat the blues

More Cup Fashions inside

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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WORTH REPORTING

IN TV Stars and their Pets (pages 17-21) we had wanted to include Jimmy Hannan, compere of TCN9 Sydney's "Saturday Date" and "Top Pop," with his pedigree Maltese terrier, Woolie.

Alas, two weeks before, Woolie had been run over and left on the Hannans' doorstep.

"The poor little thing lived," Jimmy said sadly. "But there was so much internal damage we had to have him put away."

Immediately after, the Hannans' cat was run over and killed.

Jimmy, his wife Joanne, and Mark, 4½, Melissa, 2½, and Vanessa, 12 months, don't plan to have any more pets for a while.

Hello, goodbye to two cartoons

THIS week we welcome a new cartoon series, and take regretful farewell of a long-cherished strip.

On page 86 we say goodbye to Teena. She has appeared in our pages since 1948.

The world has changed in those 16 years, but not Teena, forever young, forever preoccupied with boys and clothes and stretching an allowance.

When she first made her appearance, the cult of teenagery was a novelty. It was not an entirely pleasing novelty to some readers, who, early in Teena's career, wrote to us to complain that the strip was too American, too silly.

Some even regarded it as pernicious.

There were enough of these letters to disturb us, so we suspended the strip temporarily, and asked readers to vote.

The verdict was clear-cut — an overwhelming majority in favor.

Back Teena came, and if the artist had not ceased recording her adventures she would still be with us.

MANY friends of ours are irritated by the title "housewife." But what other is there? So when christening our new cartoon series we went along with "Mrs. H. Wife."

The first of the series of cartoons is on page 74.

The theme is the life of a housewife. Prominent in it is that aspect of life at home which an understanding soul, in parody of psychology jargon, called "the kitchen sinkdrome."

Originator of the series is Roland Jakobson, of Northcote, Victoria. He considers our acceptance of his work his first break in a struggle to be a full-time freelance cartoonist.

A machinist at a hair-felt factory, Roland is a Latvian migrant who has been in Australia for 12 years.

He and his wife, who is German, are building a home at Lalor. They have a daughter, Linda, 4.

Roland Jakobson hoped to go to art school, but World War II intervened.

After the war he spent some time in a displaced persons camp at Braunschweig, Germany, where he played the guitar for a living.

The Jakobsons hope to be naturalised this year.

OUR COVER

● The girl in pink, looking the personification of spring 1964 and the Melbourne racing carnival, is model Margaret Wood. She was dressed from head to toe in pink Burmese silk — straight-cut coat, handbag, parasol, and hat. Under the brim of the outside breton nestled two full-blown roses. The picture was taken at Flemington on Melbourne Cup Day by Bruce Anderson.

OUR color feature last July about the flocks of wild budgerigars near the Nullarbor Plain prompted a letter from Mr. N. Harvey, chairman of the Napier (New Zealand) City Reserves.

In Napier, he said, a colony of free-flying budgerigars is housed in a large cage in the Botanical Gardens. They are set free in the morning and return at will during the day.

Like the Nullarbor birds, they nest in gums. But unlike their wild cousins, they are all colors.

"It is necessary to exercise great care in breeding," said Mr. Harvey, "to prevent the reversion to green, which is the predominant basic color."

Happy Damsels

LETTERS from most parts of Australia have been coming to the "Dismal Damsels," of Nambour, Qld., since we printed the story (Sept. 16) of their blues-chasing get-togethers.

Besides requests for clues for forming a successful club, our contributor Silvia Gartner writes us that many club members have received letters from friends who have been out of touch for years.

About the "Dismal Damsels" club, she added:

"Somehow I feel the success of this is its funny name, the simplicity of it, much laughter, no organising, no money, no distinction—in fact, no nuttin'!"

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THREE LOVELY HATS worn by (from left) Mrs. Tom Carlyon, of Toorak, Mrs. Charles Parsons, jun., of Mosman, and Lady Nathan, also of Toorak. Mrs. Carlyon's platter hat was a mass of toning flowers, Mrs. Parsons' straw pillbox was swathed in a contrasting chiffon, and Lady Nathan's high pale grey toque was made of finely draped organza.

SPRING HATS AT FLEMINGTON

● Elegant hats, spectacular hats, pretty hats, and smart hats were all at Flemington on Cup Day. We chose these among the most striking in this year's glamor stakes. (More Cup fashions on pages 8 and 9.)

AT RIGHT: Small white flowers and green leaves made the beret hat worn by Mrs. Shirley McDonald, of Woollahra, which was one of the loveliest worn at the Cup.

ABOVE: The wide-brimmed breton worn by Mrs. John Henderson, of Killara, and the draped figured chiffon pillbox worn by her daughter, Miss Kerry Henderson, were a perfect foil for each other. They are pictured with Mr. Henderson.

AT RIGHT: New role in the fashion field for swimmer Miss Dawn Fraser, who looked smart in a straw breton and light wool ensemble. Pictures on this page and pages 8 and 9 by staff photographer Don Cameron.

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NEXT WEEK:

PLANTS IN THE HOUSE

. . . Eight-page liftout

● **Learn how to make 80 plants welcome "guests" in your home. There are full details for playing host to them, including instructions and plans for indoor gardens.**

'Daddy's Girl' fashions

● **A report on a pretty new look (by "with-it" London designer Mary Quant) that may kill the "boy" clothes cult.**

NOVEL XMAS ICING

● **Now is the time to bake Christmas cakes—and you'll find three beautiful and different designs for decorating to choose from.**

In Teenagers' Weekly:

Meet PONYTAIL . . .

. . . heroine of a bright new comic strip.

Franquin teaches h

● **As an entertainer, famous hypnotist Franquin made a fortune "putting people to sleep." Yet five years ago he found he was tossing in bed at nights unable to sleep himself.**

NOW living privately in Sydney, a company director with wide business interests, he is again devoting his energies to putting people to sleep—but by natural means instead of hypnosis.

He has set out a formula for beating insomnia in his just-published book, "The Secret of How to Sleep."

In it he recalls how he arrived in Paris a nervous and physical wreck, and found out how to banish insomnia under the tuition of Dr. Jean Scandel, founder of the French League of Conditioned Sleep.

"Sleeplessness is usually caused by an unruly mind refusing to allow the body to change gears from an active to a passive state," Franquin told me.

"The technique of being able to summon sleep is based on building up a pattern of conditioned reflexes, which will free the body from the tyranny of the mind, when it's time to sleep.

"Once the sleep pattern has been established, the process is as simple as driving a car.

"Just as turning on the ignition, pressing the starter, and engaging the gears signal the wheels of a car to move, so will the performance of a set series of easy physical actions make a person receptive for sleep.

"But," he pointed out, "before one can drive a car or go to sleep to order, the preliminary actions have to become such deeply ingrained habits that they are performed automatically."

Automatic

Franquin says when a novice driver is learning to manipulate his car he gives his full concentration to every movement step-by-step.

"He says, 'I pull this lever here and press that gadget there.'

"But once he has become an experienced motorist, at the end of even a short journey, he would be unable to recall how often he had changed gears or halted for traffic en route.

"He would have no recollection of these incidentals, because although he had driven swiftly and safely to his destination, every action had been automatic.

"The same principle applies to sleeping automatically."

Franquin says learning how to drop off to sleep consists of training certain key muscles to "decontract." This is done by the repetition of simple actions which cut the tension "wires" between mind and body.

"Sleep then becomes inevitable," he maintains.

FRANQUIN wore a Vandyke beard (and amassed a fortune in 15 years) when putting people to sleep on stage as a hypnotic entertainer. When he retired five years ago he was too tense and run-down to sleep himself.

He recalled how Dr. Scandel told him that when he finished his exercises at night he should lie still, and make NO ATTEMPT NOT TO WORRY.

"All I could think to myself was, 'Don't worry Doc.' I will. I always worry'."

Franquin emphasised that the "conditioned-reflexes" approach to sound sleep is divorced from hypnotic suggestion.

He said in his long career as a hypnotist he had never been able to hypnotise himself, nor had he found any evidence of anyone else being able to practise self-hypnosis.

Franquin estimates he hypnotised between 100,000 and 150,000 different people during his 15 years as a professional hypnotist.

His powers are said to have included being able to hypnotise people just by talking to them over the telephone, and also via the medium of radio and television programmes.

"A sniff"

He stumbled on the discovery that he could hypnotise when, as a 12-year-old schoolboy in Christchurch, he played a prank on a young cousin named Marie Laud.

"She had a habitual sniff that irritated me, and one day I boasted I could cure her of it by hypnotism.

"We were playing in the laundry at the time, and Marie was sitting on the rim of our wood copper.

"I dramatically told her she would go to sleep when I counted three, and when she awakened she would never sniff again!

"She went out like a light — slid off the copper and rolled over on the ground as if she were dead.

"Very frightened I rushed for my mother, who lashed at me with the copper-stick when she discovered what I had done.

"Trembling with fear, I watched my mother and my aunt unsuccessfully attempting to arouse Marie.

"Then I came to my senses and hopefully said, 'Don't worry. I can wake her up.'

"I stepped forward, counted three and shouted 'Wake up, Marie,' giving her a great slap across the face, too, to make sure."

Franquin says not only did Marie awaken in the pink of health, but she never sniffed again—except with disdain when anyone said they did not believe in hypnotism!

His imagination fired by the incident, he read widely about hypnotism.

But it was years before he experimented with it again himself, then attempting it very cautiously at the request of other lads, "to try it out on them."

Hypnotism loomed more largely in his mind than as a fascinating hobby

TODAY the former hypnotist is beardless and better known as Mr. Frank ("Pat") Quinn, a Sydney businessman with a relaxed approach to living.

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how to go to sleep (without hypnosis)

By MARY COLES

until his "hypnotic acts" brought the house down at Army concerts organised among troops during the war.

On one occasion, convalescing from dengue fever at a U.S. Base Hospital in Tonga, Franquin was amazed that a performance by a famous visiting American comedian failed to raise a smile on the face of one of the nursing sisters, yet she was convulsed with laughter when he (Franquin) gave a hypnotic demonstration.

"I reasoned that if I could make her laugh, I would also be able to entertain peacetime audiences just as successfully," he said.

"When I launched out as a hypnotist after the war I went broke three times before I learned there is more to show business than having a good act!"

At the beginning of his career Franquin made several vows, and kept them.

One was to retire from stage life as soon as he reached a certain financial goal.

"My father was a theatre manager in New Zealand, and growing up in a theatrical atmosphere and seeing so many once-top artists wither on the vine as they grew o l d e r, I determined I wouldn't let it happen to me," he said.

He also vowed he would never submit people under his hypnosis to do anything they would be ashamed of doing when fully conscious.

And that he would never practise hypnotism professionally except as an entertainer.

Once, when a doctor was not obtainable in an emergency at a showground in North Queensland, he enabled a woman to have a painless childbirth under hypnotism.

And occasionally he yielded to the persuasions of very nervous friends to accompany them on visits to their dentists, so they might have fillings and extractions without pain.

But he made no other concessions even to his most intimate associates.

His stock reply to the countless number of people who implored hypnotic aid for sickness, psychological problems, addiction to drugs, alcohol, and smoking was, "I am not medically qualified to deal with hypnotism in any way other than as a form of entertainment."

Since his retirement from show business he has never hypnotised anyone, even for fun.

Beard goes

Nor has he been recognisable by the Vandyke beard that helped to make him a legendary public figure as a showman.

The beard was ceremonially shaved off by nuclear physicist Professor Harry Messel at a party Franquin gave to celebrate his retirement after his last performance in Sydney.

At that time, although he had reached the goal he set himself 15 years earlier, and was in a position to forget about "Franquin" and just be Frank ("Pat") Quinn, he found he was in no mood to enjoy his money and the private life he had so long desired.

"The years of strain, tension, living on my nerves, and the after-effects of a bad car smash were taking their toll," he said.

"I couldn't sleep.

FORMER hypnotist Franquin at work in the garden of his home at Double Bay, N.S.W., correcting proofs of his book, "The Secret of How to Sleep," assisted by his wife, Beris. She typed the manuscript.

"My bedside table, stacked with pills and potions, looked like a chemist's shop.

"But nothing brought me the sleep I sought to feed tired tissues — the sleep that acts as nature's oil change, the sleep I wanted so desperately to recharge my batteries for the next day's effort," Franquin recalled.

"Then one afternoon, idly flicking over the pages of a magazine, I read a short article about Dr. Scandel's French League of Conditioned Sleep.

To Paris

"Familiar from boyhood with the experiments made by the Russian scientist Pavlov, who trained dogs to respond to conditioned reflexes, the brief outline of Scandel's work convinced me here was someone with a scientific approach to sleuthing out elusive sleep.

"Five days later I had flown to Paris and was knocking on his door."

Franquin had daily consultations with Dr. Scandel for three weeks, but he says it was nine weeks before he perfected the technique.

"In the beginning I worked **too hard** at relaxing," he explained.

"I just couldn't believe it could be achieved so simply, without effort.

"The very first time I went through the motions mechanically, unconcerned whether the routine would work or not, I dropped off to sleep like a baby.

"And I slept for nine hours and fifty minutes!"

Exercises to induce easy "dropping off" to sleep

● In his book, Franquin illustrates how the exercises should be done step-by-step, with detailed instructions, photographs, and drawings. He says, although so simple, unless each exercise is performed absolutely correctly from the beginning, it will be ineffective.

The basic pattern embraces the following limbering exercises and breathing variations.

1. Lie flat on a bed with legs slightly apart. Raise the left arm, hold the position for a few seconds and then let it drop back to the side.

2. Repeat the exercise, this time raising and dropping the right arm instead of the left.

3. Raise both arms, pause, then let them fall back to the bed.

4. Bend the left leg, drawing the foot along the bed until the heel is close to the back of the thigh. Hold for a moment and let the leg fall back to the bed with a loose flop.

5. Perform the same exercise with the right leg.

6. Repeat, this time doing the exercise with both legs.

7. Take a deep breath, drawing in as much air as you can to expand rib cage to the maximum, while pulling in abdomen flat and taut. Hold for a few seconds then breathe out through the nose, allowing the body to let go and relax as you exhale.

8. Lying flat on the bed, push the feet down, stretching them away from the trunk while twining arms and hands above the head and stretching neck upwards, taking in gulps of air through the nose. Pause briefly before exhaling breath through the nose and allowing neck, arms, and legs to fall into loose, relaxed position with the arms resting at the side of the body.

9. In a sitting position in bed or on a chair, firmly massage an area around the nape of the neck with your hands for about three minutes.

10. Lift legs and arms from the bed in a relaxed manner—imagining they are suspended by invisible wires—as you lie with the weight of the body falling on the back as you "swing." This is the "decontracting" exercise which snips the tension wires and loosens all the strictures of the body.

BREATHING

● The respiratory exercises may be practised sitting in a chair, but when mastered they should be done lying in bed.

Make a point of breathing naturally, allowing the inhalation and exhalation periods to vary in length.

When the respiratory exercises are done correctly, the eyes will tend to close as you inhale and open as you exhale, but this should happen naturally and not be forced.

1. Breathe in deeply through the nose, slowly filling the lungs, then breathe out again through the nose.

2. Breathe in deeply through the nose, hold the breath for four or five seconds, and breathe out through the nose, making certain all the air has been exhaled from your lungs at the conclusion of the exercise.

3. Breathe in through the nose and exhale the air through the mouth.

4. Breathe in deeply through the nose, hold for about five seconds, and exhale through the mouth.

5. Take a big gulping breath through the mouth and let the air out naturally through the mouth.

6. Yawn with the head rolled back, throat contracted, drawing in mouthfuls of air while gently flexing the arms upwards and outwards without strain.

AND AN OPEN-AIR EXERCISE:

Stride along briskly with head up and arms swinging, while taking deep breaths through the nose, allowing the air to distend the diaphragm and abdominal area.

Hold each breath for three or four strides, exhale through the nose, and let the tummy region fall flat again naturally.

● Franquin recommends the whole exercise routine being practised three or four times a day (not only on retirement) at first.

"Within three weeks, doing the routine once at bedtime is usually all that is needed to 'drift off' to sleep in much the same way as a motorist who gets in his car and 'drives off' even while thinking of other things.

"It's as simple as that once the habit of not sleeping has been broken," he said.

"Eventually, a periodic run-through every few months is enough."

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AERIAL VIEW of President Johnson's 16-room stone-and-timber homestead on the LBJ Ranch near Johnson City, Texas. In background are the hangar and airstrip for his private plane. He was born in a small house nearby. AT RIGHT: The President and Mrs. Johnson take it easy on a vacation from the White House.

HOME, TO THE L.B.J.s, IS WHERE THE RANCH IS

By GEORGE McGANN, of our New York staff

● Deep in the heart of the Johnson country, near the hamlet of Stonewall in central Texas, is the ranch where President Lyndon B. Johnson, his wife, Lady Bird, and daughters Lynda Bird and Luci Baines like to spend their vacations.

THE Texas hills have always been "home" to Lyndon Johnson, and he expressed his feelings about Stonewall and its people when he returned to the LBJ Ranch to recuperate from his near-fatal heart attack in 1955.

"They know when you are sick," he said to his neighbors, "and they care when *you* die."

President Johnson was born in a little weatherboard house on a property adjoining the cattle ranch. It has been rebuilt several times, and scarcely any original timber remains.

Nearby flows the sleepy Pedernales River.

The main house on the sprawling station was built a hundred years ago by President Johnson's grandfather. The nearest "big" town, Johnson City (population 611), was named after this same ancestor, one of the pioneers of the Texas frontier era.

Ten years ago L.B.J. called in an architect, who completely remodelled the old building, adding a large guitar - shaped swimming-pool and bathing house, as well as installing air-conditioning and other modern touches.

However, he retained the giant fireplace where the women of the Johnson family for generations cooked enormous Texas-style meals for their menfolk and the ranch hands.

The furnishings of the house reflect the taste of the President's late mother, Mrs. Sam Johnson, as well as her busy hands.

The quilts and samplers she worked, typical of the farm families of the South-west, are scattered throughout the house.

No antiques, but—

One sampler is inscribed in fine embroidery with "Lady Bird" and "Lyndon" and the year 1934, when they were married.

Mrs. Lady Bird Johnson was very fond of her mother-in-law, and has maintained the house in the way it was kept by her. As to the furniture, Lady Bird said, "We don't have any antiques — only secondhand furniture."

The house is filled with daguerreotypes and other old photographs and mementoes of Johnsons who have passed on. These had been hung by the President's mother.

"My mother-in-law was interested in two things," the First Lady told a visitor, "the Baptist Church and genealogy."

She then pointed to an old picture in an upstairs room which showed the surrender of the Mexican commander General Santa Ana, to the Texas armies of Sam Houston at San Jacinto. Each of the Texan soldiers had been carefully numbered and identified by the late Mrs. Johnson.

Number 24 was John Wheeler Burton, a Johnson ancestor, who was standing behind a tree. The President is said to have remarked once that someone must have mixed up the numbers, because "no relative of mine would have stood behind a tree while pictures were being taken."

The ground floor of the house is taken up by a large lounge-room, the huge ancestral fireplace, an office where officials and Cabinet Ministers confer with the President, and a large dining-room where world figures have been entertained on their visits to the LBJ Ranch.

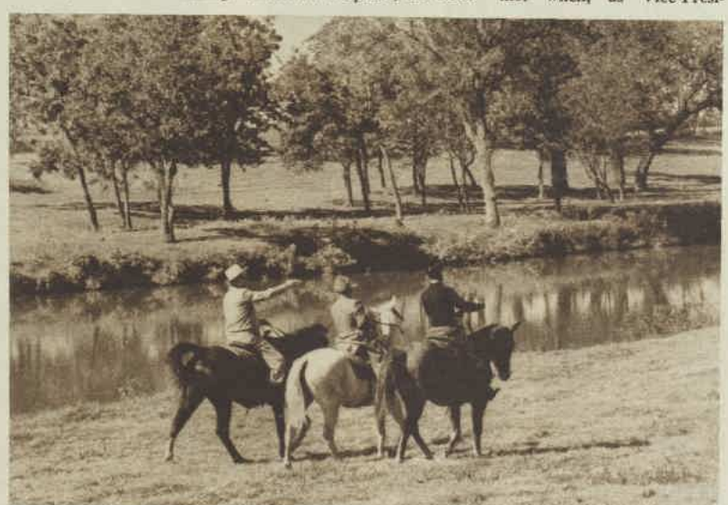
A not-so-grand visitor who has eaten in this room was Bashir Ahmad, the camel driver whom Mr. Johnson met when, as Vice-President, he was touring Pakistan, and invited to stay with him in Texas.

The biggest and most important room in the house is the kitchen, where enormous meals are prepared, usually of native beef or country ham and scones, and preserves made from the ranch peaches.

Adjoining the main house is a guest house — now far too small to contain the stream of visitors a President must entertain.

The ranch also has its own airstrip and hangar for private planes.

On the riverbank are large barbecue pits, and President Johnson has continued his lifelong practice of presiding over the cooking and distribution of steaks and hamburgers to dozens of guests.



RIDING with foreign guests, the President (at left) shows them the Pedernales River, which runs through the ranch. His grandfather planted many of the shady trees on its banks.

River flows on

The river is the part of the ranch the President likes best. Its banks are shaded by pecan trees planted by his grandfather, as well as older giant oaks.

The translation of Pedernales from the Indian is "little white rocks shining in the night." The river flows lazily during dry weather because of the dam built by the Johnsons, but in rainy seasons it's turbulent.

The First Lady has often remarked to neighbors, "We'll see you on Sunday if the Lord is willing and the creeks don't rise."

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Social Roundabout MELBOURNE

PRINCE WILLIAM of Gloucester, who is on an unofficial visit to Australia, was accompanied by Miss Susan Osborne, of Coolac, to Cup Day at Flemington. During Race Week, Prince William attended several young people's parties, the Derby Eve Ball, and a reception at Government House given by the Governor, Sir Rohan Delacombe, and Lady Delacombe.

AT LEFT: (From left) Miss Susie Hill, of Double Bay, Mr. Simon Creswick, of Malvern, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Douglass, of Woollahra, at the Kateena Auxiliary's dance at the Sheraton Room, Prahran.

ABOVE: Sydney visitors Mr. and Mrs. Peter Baillieu, of Milton Park, Bowral (right), watched the races with Miss Gay Vardy, of South Yarra. Changing weather sent people scurrying for coats and umbrellas throughout the day.

AT LEFT: Mrs. Sam Hordern (left), Mrs. Deaver Alexander, and Sir Rupert Clarke at the dinner party he and Lady Clarke gave for Dr. and Mrs. Alexander and her father, Mr. Robert J. Kleberg, jun., visitors from the United States.

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Graham Fairfax, of Rose Bay, with Mrs. Stephen Frank, of Woollahra (centre), at the Winning Post buffet dinner at the Sheraton Room, Prahran, on Cup Night in aid of Opportunity Clubs.

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CUP WEEK

● **Visitors in Melbourne from interstate and overseas joined in the gay week of parties, dinners and receptions which always highlight the Victorian Spring Racing Club's four-day carnival. Cup Day—which was alternately dull and then fine — brought forth a mixed bag of fashions, with some people playing safe in winter clothes and others defying the elements to wear their new Cup outfits.** —*MOLLIE LYONS*

LADY POTTER had difficulty in the wind with her smart pillbox hat as she arrived for the official luncheon with the Federal Treasurer, Mr. Harold Holt. The top of the hat, which matched her ensemble, was covered with fine organza petals which fluttered in the breeze.

DURING a sunny spell, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Parbury, of Edgecliff, strolled on the lawns in front of the Members' Stand. Mrs. Parbury's floral pillbox hat toned with her slim jacket dress. Flower beds surrounding the course were a blaze of color against the vivid green lawns.

AT RIGHT: Smart trio Miss Jenny Ham, of Toorak, Miss Kerry Henderson, of Killara, and Miss Mary Jane Pratten, of Pymble, watched a race from the steps leading to the Members' Stand.

AT LEFT: Contrasting styles in hats were chosen by Mrs. Jock Pagan, of Point Piper (left), and Mrs. Simon Warrender, of South Yarra. Mrs. Pagan's head-hugging beret hat matched her Persian lamb coat. Mrs. Warrender wore a wide-brimmed straw hat and a plain coat over a silk dress.

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A visit from Monica Dickens

By BILL WILSON, of our New York office

AUTHOR Monica Dickens

● A white clapboard mansion surrounded by clippered lawns inside a neat picket fence, in a neighborhood which doesn't look like Dickens' country, but it is. . . . It's no Bleak House, but it's where Monica Dickens, great-granddaughter of Charles Dickens, lives and writes.

MONICA DICKENS is due in Australia on November 12, for a round of literary lunches and bookshop visits.

She and her husband, Roy Stratton, retired U.S. Navy commander and also a writer, will be in Australia for two months.

Her publisher, William Heinemann, is bringing out her latest novel, "Kate and Emma," in time for her visit.

Within ten days after its publication in London in October, "Kate and Emma" was in its third printing.

A few days before she left her home on Buzzard's Bay, Cape Cod, I visited, Miss Dickens and her husband.

The Strattons live in North Falmouth, a village of 300 people and one of New England's loveliest corners.

They live in a two-storey white colonial-style house, elegantly furnished in traditional style.

The house has a sitting-room with a wall hung with Charles Dickens memorabilia.

It also contains a corner with a desk with a typewriter, and this is where Monica Dickens writes her books.

Commander Stratton is an author of thrillers — and his writing-room is at the other side of the house.

She helps

Miss Dickens' current book, "Kate and Emma," although set in the slums of London, was written in this beautiful rural corner of America.

"I worked with the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children for several months doing research for 'Kate and Emma'," Miss Dickens said.

"These people do such a wonderful job and it was a very gratifying experience to go out with them, visiting the unhappy people they help so much."

Monica Dickens helps, too.

Roy Stratton, sitting with us on the verandah, put down his gin and tonic to say, "Monica won't tell you herself, but she was asked to address the N.S.P.C.A. in London recently and was introduced by Princess Margaret."

"She was just delightful," said Miss Dickens of Princess Margaret.

"She laughed at all my jokes — great big laughs, too, not just polite titters."

Perhaps the first impression that Monica Dickens gives is one of being straightforward and warm — not a bit the "literary figure," in spite of her 15 books, which have been translated into nine languages.

When a book is in progress the two cats, Paul and Tommy, and Geoffrey the dog tend to get rather less attention than usual.

Adopted

"I need absolute quiet when I'm working — I can't even stand the noise of the dog's stomach rumbling," Miss Dickens said laughing. "But you know, if I speak sharply to Geoffrey it stops rumbling."

The Strattons have two adopted daughters, Pamela, 12, and Prudence, 11.

"They are at boarding-school during the week, up near Boston, but they get home at weekends," said Miss Dickens.

"I wish we could stay in Australia longer, there's so much we want to see there.

"But we have to get home before Pamela and Prudence start Christmas holidays."

The Strattons were married in 1951.

During the war Commander Stratton, a supply officer with the U.S. Navy, was stationed much of the time in England, and after the war, while visiting friends in Scotland, he met Miss Dickens.

"Monica was in Glasgow for the first night of a play that had been adapted from one of her books, and we met on the plane going back to London," he said.

"I thought, 'An American. How awful,'" said Miss Dickens. "'He's going to want to talk all the way.

"And I was rather tired.

"But as we were getting off the plane I took another look and he seemed rather nice.

"Fortunately I had a car meeting me, so was able to offer him a lift into town and recover the situation after my coolness."

"We were married in Princeton, over here, six months later," added Commander Stratton.

"Yes, we were married the day after I arrived in America. I didn't know a soul — except my husband, and I didn't know him too well," said Miss Dickens.

They moved to the large, white house in North Falmouth, first built in 1810.

A pair of horses was found to occupy the stables, and the Commander built the trim picket fence himself.

"I find it much easier to work here, outside London literary circles," said Miss Dickens.

A very attractive blonde, tall and looking younger than her years, she doesn't feel at home in literary circles.

She doesn't take herself seriously as a "best-selling author."

She became a writer almost by accident. She was educated at St. Paul's School for Girls in England, and when she was 18 her father took her for a trip to the U.S. She had taken a Cordon Bleu cooking course in Paris, dabbled in dressmaking and dramatic art, and been presented at Court.

Cook-general

With this background, she decided to get a job as a cook-general.

She applied to an agency and was hired.

At a dance one night she met a young man from a publishing house.

"A great-grandaughter of Charles Dickens working as a servant!" said the astonished young man.

"Why don't you write a book about it?"

Monica Dickens thought it a good idea, and she wrote the book in three weeks.

She called it "One Pair Of Hands," the critics called it excellent, and it quickly became a best-seller.

She was 22 then, and 14 other books, which have also gone to the top of best-seller lists, have followed since.

The 16th Monica Dickens novel is to be a thriller about nasty old ladies, she told me.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4881112

New British Prime Minister

MR. HAROLD WILSON, 48-year-old Labor leader, is a staunch family man. When he went to Buckingham Palace for the formal ceremony of accepting the Queen's commission to head a new government, he took along his wife, two sons, and his father.

Mr. Wilson grew up in Yorkshire. He and his wife, a clergyman's daughter, met while he was studying at Oxford.

They and their sons go to church together most Sundays, and occasionally he used to preach in their local church.

WILSON FAMILY picnic on the beach while holidaying at their bungalow in the Scilly Isles before the election campaign. With the Prime Minister is his wife, Mary, and their two sons, Robin, 21, an Oxford undergraduate, and Giles, 16, who is still at school.

FORMER HOME (left). The Wilsons have settled at 10 Downing Street, home of British Prime Ministers, but they lived for years in this substantial villa at Hampstead, London. Mr. Wilson proudly rates himself as belonging to the lower middle classes, but his family was comfortably off. His father, now 81 and retired, was an industrial chemist at Huddersfield, Yorkshire.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4881113

Space men come to dinner

● *Mrs. Brian O'Brien.*

● Astronauts are merely usual guests—not celebrities—at parties in Houston, Texas, said Avril O'Brien, who has now returned to the U.S. with her space-scientist husband and children. They holidayed in Australia after five years in America.

"THE whole space-science community sticks together," said Avril. "We have quite a bit to do with the astronauts — they are nice, ordinary men.

"I think probably the exciting people behind space research are the engineers and the scientists.

"They all live around Houston, because the manned space centre is about 25 miles from town."

Dr. Brian O'Brien is a professor in the space-science department at Rice University and a consultant on the Apollo programme, which is working to put a man on the moon.

In Australia he gave seminars for researchers and graduate students at Sydney University.

The five years in America marked the launching of three O'Brien-designed satellites and two O'Brien children: Richard, four, and Rosalind, one.

But Avril found that her husband's trips to the launch-sites left her time to spare, so she took B.A. and M.A. degrees in comparative literature at the University of Iowa.

Richard spent most of the visit with his grandparents — Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Searle, Terang, Melbourne, and Mr. and Mrs. R. I. O'Brien, Homebush, N.S.W. — trying to pick up an Australian accent.

Avril said, "Everything is air-conditioned in Houston. Even a football stadium to seat 80,000 will be roofed with plastic and air-conditioned!"

message to women born before 1940

have you felt these danger symptoms lately? Cramps in the legs? Swelling of the ankles and veins? An odd feeling of heaviness in the legs? Dull pains and aches . . .

THESE EARLY symptoms can mean you are one of the million or more people of all ages who are present or potential victims of varicose veins. This distressing condition embarrasses both men and women. Housewives, shop assistants and nurses are prone to it. Anyone who spends time standing up or lifts heavy weights can get varicose veins. People who have to sit down a lot get them too.

THE SYMPTOMS often subside and then go unnoticed. This is the tragedy of it. These early warning symptoms must not be ignored. At this stage, the condition can deteriorate rapidly, even though you think "it can't happen to me".

IN THE EARLY stages the progress of the condition can be stopped. There is no need to wait fatalistically for the drastic therapy of surgery. This cannot be attempted until the disease has become serious. You need never reach this ugly stage. Tests on actual sufferers have established that varicose disease in the early stages can be stopped and ultimately reversed with Venoruton Tablets.

HOPE FOR chronic sufferers. Even at this late stage, Venoruton Tablets are of the greatest value in checking the development of more serious disturbances. By effectively easing pain and swelling, Venoruton Tablets promote better health and a brighter outlook. Venoruton's active ingredient, Tri-(hydroxyaethyl)-rutosidum is one of the most significant developments in the treatment of varicose veins. It is a method developed and exhaustively tested in the Zyma Laboratories in Switzerland in conjunction with University Clinics. Naturally, the chronic case will need a longer course of treatment.

NEGLECT now is painfully expensive later. Can you afford the time and money it takes for varicose vein surgery? Is it fair to yourself and your family to endure the lifetime of pain and suffering, the embarrassing ugliness, the curtailment of your activities that is all too often the lot of the varicose vein sufferer?

IT AFFECTS the entire family. Could you run your home, look after your family if you were in constant pain, unable to stay on your feet for long? If your husband were affected, think of the effect it could have on family life

SAFE, no side effects even for expectant mothers. Venoruton is an established treatment. Within a few weeks Venoruton relieves the symptoms and prevents the development of more serious trouble. Venoruton soothes pain, Venoruton reduces swollen legs easily and gently, and promotes all-round improvement in your circulation.

YOUR HEALTH — beyond price. Your health and your family's happiness is beyond price. But a course of Venoruton Tablets is within your means. To start this treatment costs only 14/6 — less than 2/- a day. Treatment should be continued without interruption for four weeks and the longer you continue treatment the more lasting the results. Venoruton is easy to take — just two tablets three times a day. If you have varicose veins, or have noticed the early warning signs — cramps, swollen ankles and veins, or dull aches and pains in the legs — get Venoruton Tablets from your family chemist without delay.

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tablets

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INVESTMENT GUIDE

This Week: *An interesting future for tin stocks*

By MARY BROKER

● With the Stock Exchange still in its slow period, I feel that the tin industry is about the best stock to consider at the moment.

YOU will remember that when I began this series on mining, I mentioned tin as an example of the current high prices for metals, the price then being over £1500 stg. a ton.

That was only four weeks ago. Since then the price has risen to over £1700 stg. a ton and then slipped back slightly.

I should like to point out here that in January, 1963, tin was only £850 stg., which means the price has doubled in under two years.

The reasons for this price rise are many and varied, the main one being the fact that the major suppliers to the West — Malaysia and Bolivia—are countries where the political future is uncertain.

Other factors include increasing activity in world industrial centres generally and the state of world tension.

How long these situations will continue cannot be accurately predicted, and I make no attempt to do so.

In fact I feel that tin prices will ease back from now on to somewhat more sensible levels, around the £1100 mark.

Not an immediate buy

Therefore, I do not recommend an immediate purchase of shares in the tin companies I am about to describe to you.

But I suggest that you watch both tin prices and these particular share prices until a flatter trend develops, for in the long-term I feel they have good prospects.

Annual consumption of tin in Australia is approximately 5500 tons, while production this year is expected to reach only about 3000 tons, the remainder being imported from Malaysia.

Bearing this in mind, B.H.P., Australia's largest tin metal consumer, recently purchased a 25% interest in Aberfoyle Holdings Ltd., which is based in Tasmania, and last year produced 802 tons of tin.

Rich new tin deposit

Aberfoyle is active in exploration projects and has a 25% interest in the Aberfoyle Tin Development Partnership, whose most important discoveries to date have been the Mt. Cleveland deposit in Tasmania, which has reserves of close to two million tons of 70% tin, and the Greenbushes field in Western Australia.

Greenbushes N.L. recently floated itself as a company and is expected to produce 960 tons of tin concentrate per year.

The 5/- shares are at present around 7/6 and could prove a good buy.

Other interesting companies are Renison, another Tasmanian, which is controlled by Mt. Lyell Mining, the big Tasmanian copper producer.

Net profit last year almost doubled from £57,000 to £106,000 and dividend was lifted from 10 to 12½ per cent.

Tableland Tin operates at Mount Garnet, Queensland, and has had an up-and-down career, but earned £132,000 in 1963 and paid a 2/6 per share dividend.

Ravenshoe, another Queensland producer, has been a steady profit-earner in recent years, and must also be benefiting from high tin prices.

These, I think, are the main ones to watch. But I stress again that I would not advise an immediate purchase.

I believe long-term gains will be better made when the current tin boom has faded away.

"Could we borrow a little each month and set THAT aside?"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4881114

SPRING SONG OF OUTBACK IN LONDON

● Hailed as a masterpiece in Edinburgh, where it got its first British showing at the Festival this year, the play "A Spring Song," by Australian Ray Mathew, has come into London's Mermaid Theatre.

RAY MATHEW, 35, had never thought of it as particularly attuned to English audiences. His first play produced in London after he arrived in 1960 was "The Life of the Party."

This play, set in King's Cross, Sydney, was a finalist in "The Observer" play competition.

"A Spring Song" arrived in Edinburgh by a circuitous route. One of the actresses in the Oxford Theatre Group had a copy of the script sent to her by her London agent.

Tremendously impressed by its lyric quality and its sensitive characterisation, she showed it to the adventurous young producer Michael Rudman, who immediately snapped it up as the Group's ideal play for the Festival.

But neither Rudman nor Ray Mathew ever expected the fantastic reaction from the Edinburgh critics.

It was Josephine Wilson, actress co-director (with her husband, Bernard Miles), of the Mermaid Theatre, who insisted that "A Spring Song" should have a London showing.

"I wanted to go to Edinburgh to see it but there was no time," she said, "so I got a copy. Half way through reading it I just knew we must put it on."

Ray Mathew drew on his own experience when he set "A Spring Song" in the Far West of N.S.W.

The feeling of surroundings jamming people and their emotions together impressed him when, as a city man, he first went bush.

He taught in a country school for a few years after leaving the Sydney Teachers' College.

"Even while I was there I felt that an outback township had all the earmarks of perfect theatre," he said.

Ray Mathew first became known in Australia as a poet and later as a short-story writer. His first collection of verse was published when he was only 22.

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

Charles Osborne, of the "London Magazine," wrote of his "X-ray vision, which sometimes puts one in mind of Tennessee Williams.

"He is, thank God, neither a realistic nor a poet dramatist: he is simply a poet of the theatre."

Ray Mathew has had a variety of jobs for "bread-and-butter money."

He still teaches from time to time in London. He has been a freelance script-writer, furniture removalist, shop assistant, actor, producer, clerk, and lecturer in drama and literature.

He is now at work on another play and will have his first novel, "The Joys of Possession," and a second collection of short stories, "Because of the Ruzilla," published next year.

Meanwhile, the Arts Council wants to revive his "The Life of the Party" at either the Bristol Old Vic or the Nottingham Playhouse, both prestige theatres.

In spite of the success England has brought him, Ray Mathew wants to get back to Australia. He said: "Of course the main draw is my family. But I feel that I need to see my home again for my writing.

"And I do become genuinely depressed by the cold. I long to feel really hot sun burning down."

Until he can return he is doing the next best thing. He is off to the southern Mediterranean to stay at the villa of actress Martita Hunt.

"I shall work better in Italy's warmth than England's cold," he said.

AUTHOR Ray Mathew

Scenes from heartbreak "Spring Song"

"A Spring Song" centres on a small-time Australian farmer who fears that his three daughters will escape his domination.

Daughter Margaret, who has only months to live, falls in love with the schoolteacher-lodger. Helen defies her father to marry in Sydney.

Kerry, the youngest, loves Geoff, a rich grazier's son.

In the end, the father triumphs. His illness traps Kerry into staying at home.

Australians in the cast are Jeffrey Ashby (schoolteacher), Roslyn de Winter (Helen).

● Left, above: Sweethearts Geoff and Kerry. Far left: Father, Mother, Kerry, and teacher. Left: Father and daughters Kerry, Margaret, Helen (right).

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The one safe, sure way to kill this filthy fly,

spray Mortein

Just one fly. Yet he could be loaded with five million disease germs to menace your family's health. Polio, hepatitis, typhoid, gastro-enteritis and more. These are the deadly killers he could be carrying into your home. There is only one *safe*, sure way to kill flies . . . spray Mortein.

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Mortein Pressure ✱ Pak and Mortein Plus both contain costly African Pyrethrum, synergised with Piperonyl Butoxide. These are the most powerful insect killing ingredients known to science and the safest of all to use. Mortein is different from other insect sprays and can safely be sprayed near little children, food and pets. Spray Safe . . . Spray Only Mortein.

When you're on a good thing . . . stick to it!

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Pop singers without MOPS

Television By PATRICIA KENT

● TCN9's new programme, "Shindig," promises exciting entertainment for those who like pop music and plenty of it.

SCREENED on Mondays at 7.30 p.m., it's the fastest-moving show I've ever seen.

Compere Jimmy O'Neil (an American disc jockey) didn't do much to earn his money. He appeared only twice and couldn't have said more than a dozen words each time.

And that's exactly how it should be.

The artists, like the Everly Brothers, Sam Cooke, Bobby Sherman, and Donna Loren, appeared one after the other, their names appearing on the screen as they performed.

What a change from programmes like Channel 7's "Studio A" and Channel 2's "Teen Scene," where the comperes ramble on for ever about "hottest little singer in show biz," "most fabulous voice I've ever heard," etc.

And how pleasant, too, the appearance of the performers. Not one mop head, not one beehive to be seen. The boys' haircuts were all short (comparatively) back-and-sides, and the girls were teenagers and looked it.

It's an up-tempo show and noisy. Probably not one for Mum and Dad. But just you try to keep the teenagers away . . .

★ ★ ★

IF you've never watched Channel 2's magnificent series "The Great War" (8 p.m., Sundays), I'd advise you to look in on it.

It's not a programme for the squeamish, or for those who have bitter memories of World War I, but it is the most powerful plea for pacifism I've ever seen.

Each phase of the Great War, like the massacres of Verdun and the Somme, are treated in detail, and the points of view and battle strategy of both ally and enemy are revealed.

The series, which emanates from the B.B.C., is narrated by Sir Michael Redgrave, and famous British actors like Sir Ralph Richardson and Emlyn Williams speak the words of Sir Douglas Haig and Lloyd George, respectively.

Why so late?

I CAN'T see why Channel 2 has to show replays of its best programmes so late in the evening viewing.

Although they're repeats, some are so good they invite a second enthusiastic look. Besides, many people missed them first time round.

"Dr. Finlay's Casebook" (Tuesdays, 10.10 p.m.) and "Deadline Midnight," an excellent and authentic newspaper series (Mondays, 10.10 p.m.), are cases in point.

On the other hand, the A.B.C. reserves its peak viewing hours for the strangest assortment of programmes, some of them interesting — few of them designed for the average viewer.

"University of the Air," for instance, could hardly expect to attract ratings comparable with Channel 9's "Dave Allen Show"; or "Town and Country," at 9.15 p.m., Fridays, induce viewers to switch in the middle of "East Side, West Side" or "Crisis."

But to get back to "Dr. Finlay," which is based on a collection of stories by former doctor A. J. Cronin about two doctors in a small Scottish town.

Andrew Cruickshank plays the testy, elderly Dr. Cameron, who has lived in the district all his life and has known most of his patients since they were born. And Bill Simpson, homely but lovable, is Dr. Finlay, young assistant doctor.

You wouldn't catch me within cooee of that meddling busybody Kildare or mean and ornery Casey, but I'd be a patient of Drs. Cameron and Finlay any day.

★ ★ ★

I WATCHED Channel 7's "The Virginian" (Wednesdays, 7.30 p.m.) for the first time recently, and found it good entertainment.

The Virginian (James Drury) didn't appear the night I watched, but it didn't matter, because Lee J. Cobb (one of my favorite father-figures) did.

He is Judge Garth of the small town of Medicine Bow, Wyoming.

The 90 - minute series (filmed in color for American TV) revolves around the lives of the judge, his daughter, Betsy (Roberta Shore), his ranch, Shiloh, and his foreman, the Virginian.

"The Virginian" is loosely based on the book of the same name — an American classic of the West written in 1901 by Owen Wister, from which came the immortal line "When you call me that, SMILE."

One of the things which struck me, particularly while I was watching the show,

LEE J. COBB, of "The Virginian."

was that "The Virginian" is more like a weekly movie than a television programme.

This is probably due to its length — the characters are drawn more deeply than can usually be done in one hour — and also because of the grand scale of the show.

Each episode costs round 250,000 dollars (£A125,000) to produce, compared with the 100,000 dollars (£A50,000) per episode of "Wagon Train." The sets look real and you get the feeling of lots of people, lots of action, and a lack of the intimacy usually associated with the small screen.

Upside-down variety

MAYBE I just don't dig this new Continental-type television, but I found "Love That Show?" (Channel 2, Saturdays, 7.30 p.m.) excessively dull.

It's a Bavarian-produced variety show, starring some of Europe's most outstanding performers. It uses "interesting" camera techniques, and viewers are transported across Europe by way of a magic umbrella.

The show I watched had German personality Willi Milie toting the brolly, the different performers coming out of the top of it in a shower of sparks.

Which I dare say is all very *new*. But so irritating.

You got snippets of this and that, you were turned upside down as the camera strove for new and exciting angles, and you were frightened out of your wits watching Mr. Milie being hoisted all over the place on a large hook.

But there were moments. The Kessler Twins, Alice and Ellen, are utterly gorgeous, and sing and dance beautifully.

And the haunting, lovely Juliette Greco, who sang a couple of French songs, was worth waiting for.

The whole show was in German, and the A.B.C. did an excellent job dubbing the spoken voices.

But I'll be glad when Danny Kaye returns. At least you can be entertained sitting the right way up.

★ ★ ★

I LOVE "Fractured Flickers" (unfortunately tucked away on Channel 9 on Sundays at 5.30 p.m.).

It's a mad programme, hosted by a sardonic Hans Conried, who takes some ancient silent movies and adds dialogue which has no relation to the original film.

So you end up with what was once a tear-stained tragedy turned into a riotous burlesque.

And I liked the way Mr. Conried introduced a recent programme. "The show that means so much to so few," he said. And later, "The show that asks the burning question 'what's on next'?"

MISS SUSAN leads a game of punchball in Channel 2's "Romper Room," a solid favorite with young viewers.

THE FAVORITES

AT the last count (over milk and cookies) there seemed to be 5000 children living in my street, most of whom find something particularly fascinating about *my* TV set.

If sheer weight of numbers means anything to you, here are some of their favorite programmes:

- **Romper Room** (out in front by a mile), Channel 7, 4 p.m., Monday to Friday.
- **Huckleberry Hound,** Channel 9, Monday, 5 p.m.
- **Disneyland,** Channel 9, Sunday, 6.30 p.m.
- **Superman** (for at least the fourth time round), Channel 7, 5.30 p.m., Monday to Friday.
- **Bugs Bunny,** Channel 7, 6 p.m., Monday to Friday.
- **Mr. Ed,** Channel 2, 6.30 p.m., Wednesday.
- **Patty Duke Show,** Channel 9, 7 p.m., Thursday.
- **The Munsters,** Channel 7, 7 p.m., Tuesday.

Channel 7's "Shirley Temple Storybook," now vanished from the screen, used to be shown on Sunday afternoons and often rescued my house from complete carnage on rainy days.

It has been repeated several times, but how about just one more time around. Better still, a new series.

Smart girls don't have

- fluffy, fly-away hair
- tangled, hard-to-comb hair
- hair with that unruly "mop-head" look
- or hair that refuses to hold its set

Smart girls rinse away their problems with wonderful New Tame . . . the non-oily Creme Rinse hair conditioner that works invisibly. Just one spoonful of Tame in a cup of water, rinsed through your hair after washing it, does miracles. Tame makes your hair so easy to comb, wet or dry; so soft, silky and shining and so well behaved it will set like a dream, with every strand smoothly and sleekly under control.

The secret? Only Tame is *rinsed into the hair* to rid it of static electricity, the cause of fly-away, unruly hair. Tame separates and smooths each strand to a live, vital sleekness that will last till your next shampoo . . . when, of course, you'll want to use Tame again for that smooth high-fashion look. *Tame is made by Toni.

IT'S A SHAME TO SHAMPOO WITHOUT NEW Tame CREME RINSE

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H36

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week

Momma once said (a long time ago when she was helping me with my homework — I think it was arithmetic): "This seems to be a lot harder than in my day. You had better get your father to help you." Now I'm having the same trouble with my daughter — the problems sure seem a lot harder. Now, I don't know if, as we grow older, we forget what we are taught as children, or whether the problems really are getting harder. But, if you're having trouble with your child's homework, maybe Momma's moral is right . . .

Momma's moral: Sometimes I think it's better to have loved and lost than have to do the homework for three kids . . .

THE KESSLER TWINS, regular performers in "Love That Show?"

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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This summer, turn tan all over; clear to your suntanned fingertips!

Revlon's new 'Fingertip Tans'

Eight beachy, beigey pales-for-nails–softly sunned, newer than nude! Tan your fingertips? Tan your toes? Why, the very idea! (Revlon's, of course!) Eight nail enamel colors, gently tawnied by the sun - to make you look like a single, silky length of tan! (Even your nails seem to stretch a point!) 'Fingertip Tans' look marvellous whether your skin is mad for sun, or made for shade.

(And there's a white, so wonderful it may become your only summer jewel!)

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TV STARS AND THEIR PETS

Television

TOMMY HANLON, jun., well-known compere of "It Could Be You," plays with the family pets, Australian terrier Bonny Dan (left) and Australian silky terrier Dinky. Dinky was given to Tommy's daughter April as a birthday present. "It Could Be You," produced at GTV9 in Melbourne, is seen in all States.

BELOW: Dawn Lake, half the famous Dawn Lake - Bobby Limb TV team, with the favorite family pet, Australian silky terrier Ricky. The Limbs also have a canary called Tweetie-Pie and a budgerigar who refuses to utter a word.

● *Living is a very public business for TV stars. Their fans are everywhere: watching them on screen, serving them at the corner store, listening as they open fetes, observing as they get their hair done, staring as they lie on the sand—benign lookers-on whose sweet approval keeps them where they are.*

Perhaps, because of their very public public life, in their private life TV well-knowns like to have fans who never watch their shows.

These fans—dumb, uncritical, lovable—demand only affection and the right to be near them whenever possible.

We introduce you on these pages to some of the little-known fans of Australian TV personalities—fans who never watch their shows.

● Continued overleaf

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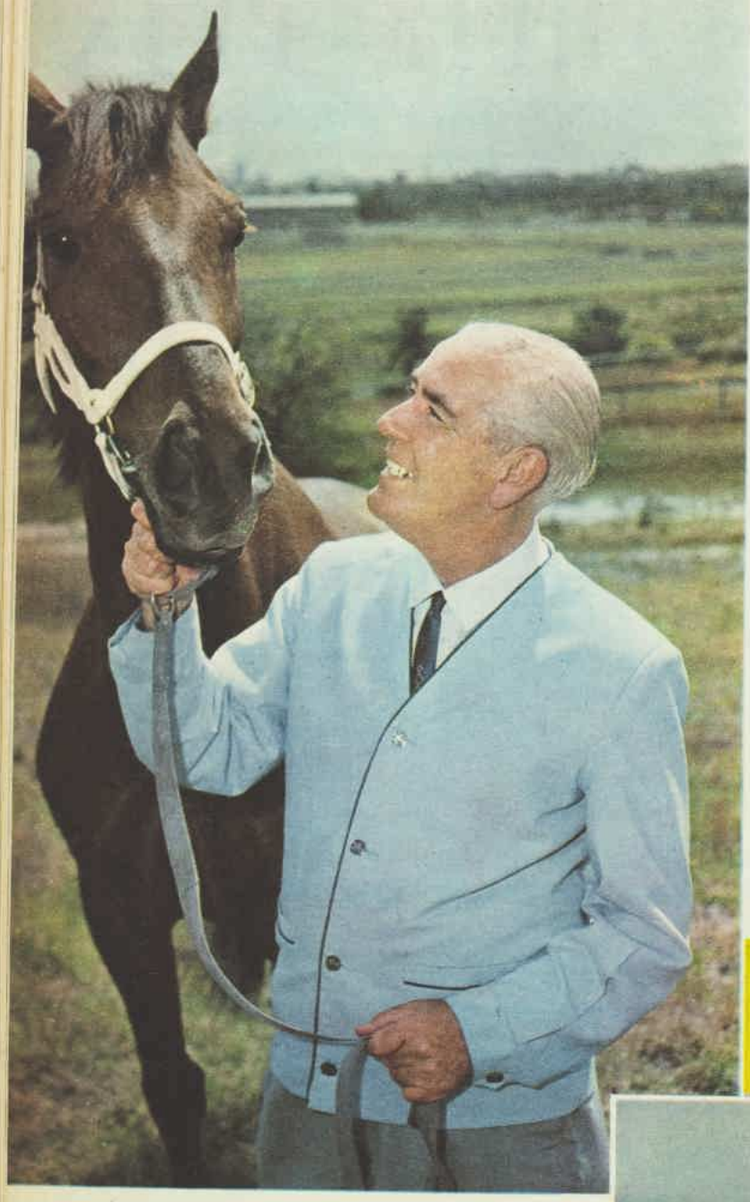
TV STARS AND THEIR PETS

● From page 17



LEFT: Ken Howard, TCN9 (Sydney) racing commentator, who talks fast and clearly about horses, talks personally to Nature's Gentleman (pet name "Jawbone"). Ken's part owner.

ABOVE: Life in a goldfish bowl is something Bill Newman, of "Sound of Music," understands after years on TV. His favorite pet goldfish, Hercules, circling his bowl, relaxes Bill.

ABOVE: Nancy Cato, children's show personality at ATVO, Melbourne, with her pet mouse, Hercules (on her shoulder), and Satchmo, the rabbit. RIGHT: Jocelyn Terry, of HSV7, with her cats, Shuny (left) and Mouchinka—full brothers, though they don't look it.

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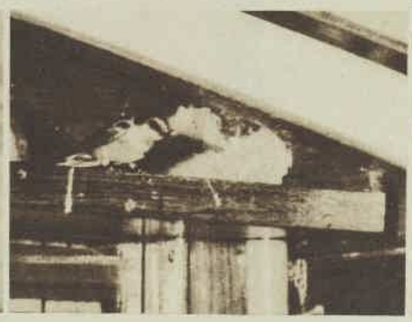
JACK LITTLE, seen regularly in "It Could Be You," proudly shows off three six-week-old puppies, the first litter of his Maltese Shenamere Snowdrop, who is on his knee. Father of the pups, Whitelock Texas Kid, owned by singer Patti Raye, is behind Jack's chair.



● Bob Dyer, of B.P. "Pick-a-Box," has the most unusual pets — swallows whose ancestors he helped hatch, feed, and rear.

Their parents (see picture above right) built a nest on a cockpit shelf in Tennessee II, Bob and Dolly's big-game fishing boat.

"The nest was built, with one egg in it when we found it," Bob said. "In a few days there were four eggs and the swallow was sitting. We used to go out all day fishing, so we'd hunt the parents ashore, lift the eggs in a wooden spoon into my woollen cap, and put them near the engine to keep warm.

"When we came back the parents would be waiting, I'd lift the eggs back, and the parents would fly into the nest. Eventually the eggs hatched (see picture left) and our troubles started.

"We were involved in a fishing contest, had to go to sea all day, and were those babies hungry! At first we gave them bits of cold lamb or corned beef, but later we used to collect insects before we left and feed them with those.

"The babies were so spoiled (they used to sit up on my hand and I'd feed them) that they wouldn't leave the boat and fly, but one day I discovered their wings were bigger than their parents', so I launched them from my hand into the air and they flew.

"For two years those swallows nested on our boat until finally it got so difficult that we not only had to move the shelf, but had to drive them off the boat until they nested on shore.

"To this day they or their relatives are still around and six of them come regularly each day and bathe in our swimming-pool. They come over flying in formation like World War II bombers, buzz the pool, and then bathe."

● To page 21

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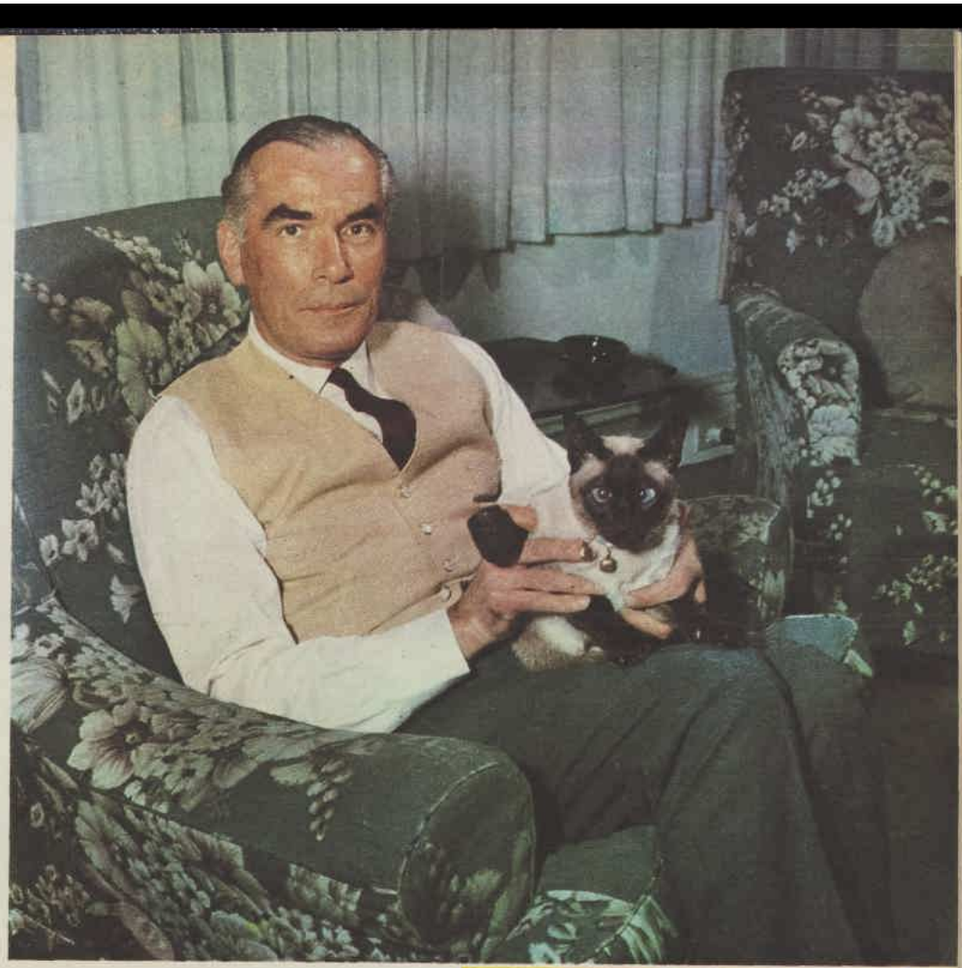
TV STARS AND THEIR PETS

● From page 19

LEFT: Beverly Robbins, pretty hostess on "Coles £3000 Question," poses with her German Shepherd, Prince. Beverly, her husband, Reg, and daughter, Tracey-Anne, 6, live in Doncaster, a Melbourne suburb.



ABOVE: Eric Pearce, senior newsreader at GTV9, Melbourne, with his Siamese Blue Thai, Timoshenka, known familiarly as Mr. Thai. His second cat, Katy, a cross between Suzuki and Persian, was camera-shy.

LEFT: Sheila Bradley, TV and stage actress and singer, with her daughter, Kate, and puppies Blackie, Spot, and Dog, and their mother, Fred.

ABOVE: Michael Cole, popular Melbourne TV personality, with his three Yorkshire terriers (from left), Sarah, Abigail (the mother), and Henry.

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Everlastings in bloom

● *These beautiful everlastings (Helipterum manglesii) carpet the open forest country in Western Australia in springtime. The mass effect of the thousands of blooms makes a memorable sight in a State noted for its wildflowers. The name everlasting refers to the long-lasting quality of the flowers, and many kinds of everlastings are grown as garden flowers. This species is found throughout the West. Picture was taken at Dryandra Forest, near Narrogin.*

Picture by Vincent Serventy

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

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Only five weeks to go time to make your

Marville Christmas Cake

— a rich, rare and memorable Yuletide treat

The Ingredients

8 oz. Marville Margarine, 4 oz. brown sugar, ¼ lb. white sugar, 4 eggs, 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. sultanas, ¼ lb. glacé cherries, ¼ lb. mixed chopped peel, ¼ lb. dates, chopped, ½ cup shredded fresh or canned pineapple, 2 oz. blanched almonds, chopped, 4 tbsp. Whisky, Rum or Sherry, 8 oz. Mother's Choice Plain Flour, 2 oz. Mother's Choice S.R. Flour, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. nutmeg.

The Method

Prepare fruits and nuts, mix well, pour over spirits, cover and stand overnight if possible. Cream Marville and sugar, add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add sifted flour and spices alternately with fruit. Pour into paper lined greased 8" deep tin. Bake in slow oven approximate time 3½ hours. Cool in tin. Cover with foil or several thicknesses of brown paper. When ready to serve, remove paper, brush with sieved apricot jam mixed with Rum or Brandy, decorate with glacé cherries and toasted nuts.

The Secret

Marville — the margarine specially blended for cooking. It creams so easily. Gives such wonderful taste and texture. And always stays fresh in this silver foil wrap. Mother's Choice — the flour that needs no sifting. Watch for next week's bake-ahead-for Christmas recipe – the Marville St. Nicholas Shortcake.

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NOBODY'S EVER IN TOWN ON SUNDAY

All one's zest for life vanishes when there is no one to share it . . . a sophisticated story

By RUTH LYONS

ILLUSTRATED BY TOURRIER

NOTHING can be lonelier, she thought, than a beautiful summer Sunday in New York. Everyone you know and the hordes that you don't are all off and away on gay jaunts to the country or shore. You alone — miserable, unwanted you — are left behind, with nothing to do but look out at a sky so blue and clear it makes you ache, with the air so soft and silken you want to cry.

She went to a window and gazed down on Third Avenue, abnormally quiet and deserted, the sun glinting on the red sign of the closed supermarket in the new twenty-storey building across the street.

The view held a disquieting resemblance to a sequence in a late show she'd seen recently, of a world stricken silent and dead by nuclear war. She went back to her cooling coffee, wishing it were Monday, with the reassuring rumble and drone of traffic and the shrilling of children at play in the side streets.

She wished that it were raining—a forbidding day of pouring torrents, or maybe just wretchedly chilly and overcast. Then you could enjoy a mean little gloating that all those lucky people who had planned so joyously for this holiday were now miserable. As you were miserable.

It would give you a feeling of belonging to the world of the living — all of you being miserable together. She had a vision of Steve off somewhere on this glorious day, having a festive, romantic time with Carson. (She could never call her Margaret, even in her thoughts. You call your friends by their first names, not your enemies.)

She tried to put the bitter thought of them out of her mind, but sat there wallowing in her anguish. She got up, finally, and went to the kitchen to wash her few breakfast dishes.

On the way she caught a glimpse of herself in a mirror — face pale and sickly looking without make-up, eyes lifeless, blond hair untidy and uncombed—and paused to examine her image with self-loathing, thinking: Only twenty-eight and you're dead.

She wished she could have slept the day away. Every weekday morning, when she rose, groaning and unready at seven-thirty to start the day that would keep her from nine to five at her once-loved, now-loathed job as assistant to the advertising manager of a machine-manufacturing company, she would yearn for the duty-free weekend mornings.

So what happened? Every Saturday and Sunday, her eyes would open promptly at seven-thirty, her whole being too wide-awake to remain in bed any longer.

She regretted now that she hadn't planned some diversion for the weekend. She could have been away, too, if she had wanted to put up with the dullness of the Baldwins and their rustic lakeside cottage, or if she had been desperate enough to join an all-girl safari to Westhampton. Her apartment had seemed preferable to either plan.

But wasn't there more to it than that? Hadn't she holed up in the apartment more than necessary these past months, just on the chance that Steve might call? Hoping he would call, and yet afraid he would? Afraid because he might be calling about divorce?

When she left him, there wasn't any talk of divorce. They were too highly charged to make much sense.

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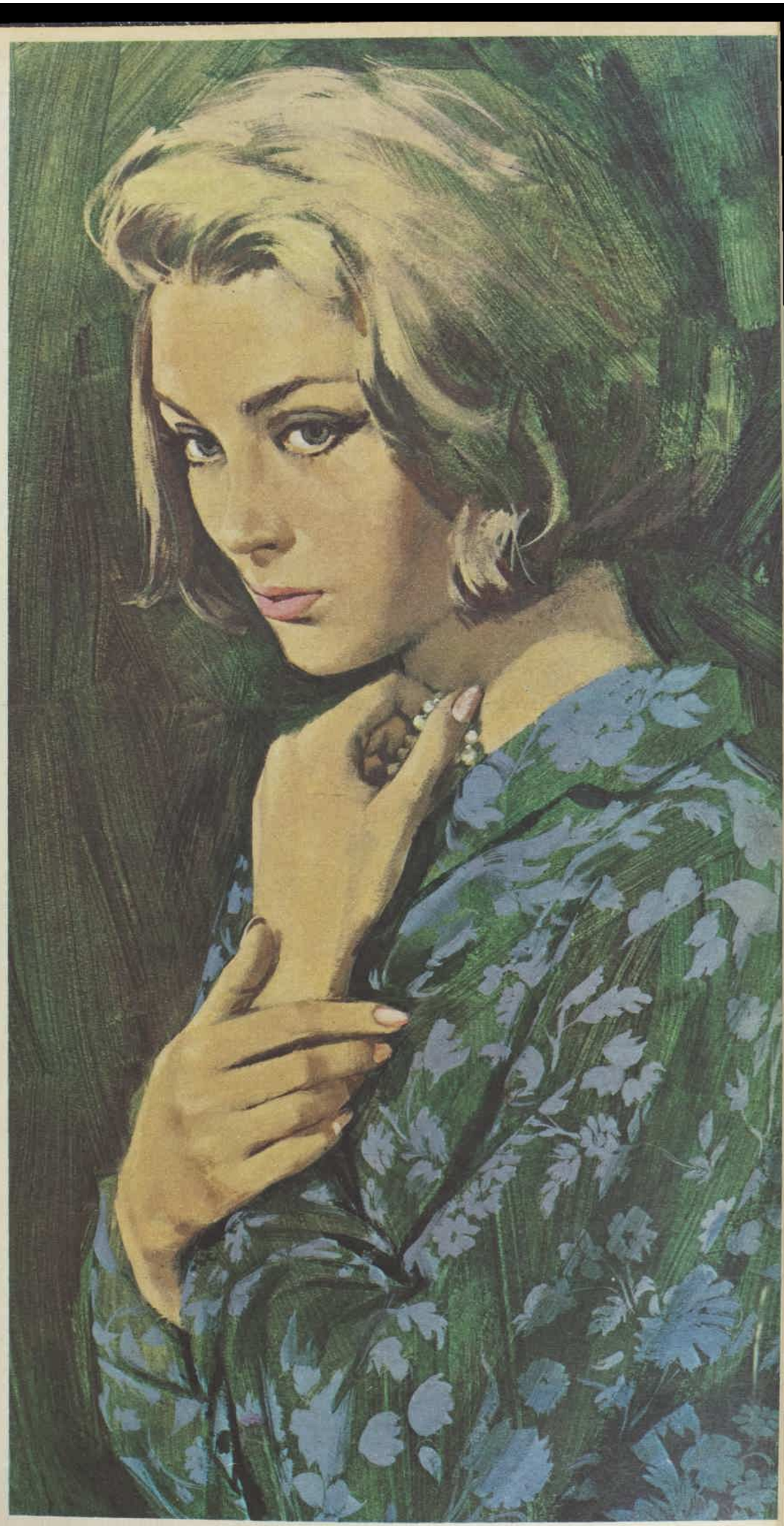

Patricia, lonely and depressed, gazed from the window at the deserted street.

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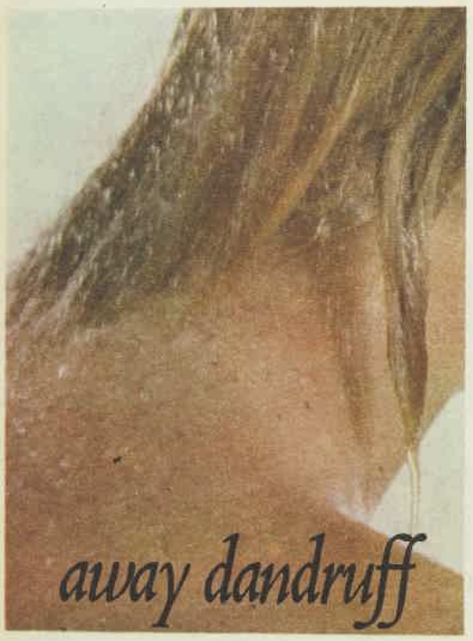
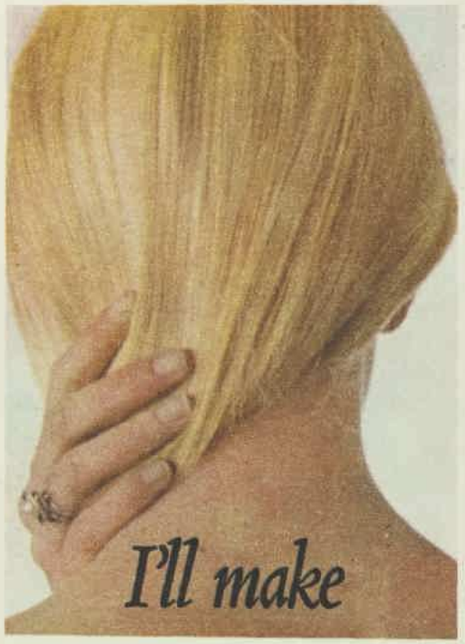


away dandruff



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RUN SCARED

Martha tries to hide her fears . . . part two of our serial

By MIGNON G. EBERHART

SHORTLY before standing for election as Governor of his State, LEM BASCOM, son of a political family, had met and married MARTHA, who found herself swept into the ballyhoo of an election campaign and learns that, if elected, one of the first problems for Lem will be a decision on the death sentence of MANSOUR, a convicted murderer.

Martha's mother-in-law is the first to tutor Martha in campaign behaviour. The second to help her is DILLY DOWNES, who had grown up with the Bascom family and whose late husband had been in politics. Lem's campaign manager, BOB NEWTON, and his Press representative, ARCHIE HENSHAW, are others who help to train Martha for public life.

Lem decides Martha should go to the family house at Bascom Bay for the last few days of the campaign and that his mother will join her. Driving there Martha turns off the main highway, and calls at JIM and ELLEN STENSON'S for directions. After a drink and meeting some of their friends, she continues.

It is raining when suddenly on the narrow country lane a figure looms up before her lights and there is a bump. Getting out she sees a man — apparently dead — on the roadway. Horrified, she drives on to the Bascom house for help and finds Dilly, who persuades her not to call the police as news of a hit-run accident would ruin Lem's campaign. Instead she drives out to look for the body, but returns to say there is no sign of it. She then gives Martha a drink, into which she has slipped some sleeping tablets. NOW READ ON:

LIGHT on Martha's face awoke her. She was for a moment bewildered and yet possessed by a sense of some urgency, some immediate activity required of her. She sat up, saw the blanket and her yellow suit, and knew where she was and what she had done.

And what she must do — now, at once, whether Dilly approved or not.

She looked at the clock on the mantel. It was three in the afternoon. Sunlight was pouring through the French windows behind her. In spite of the first effect of inner excitation and consciousness of whatever drug Dilly had given her, she had obviously slept at last, long and heavily. There was no sound at all in the house.

She must go to the police immediately and tell them exactly what she had done. Perhaps the man she struck had already reported it. Perhaps already the police were looking for a small foreign car and the woman who drove it.

There was now no argument in her mind. Dilly had exaggerated the dangers to Lem. But no matter what it cost him Lem would tell Martha to obey the law.

Martha gathered up her suit and her shoes, went upstairs and into the first bathroom she found. It had an old-fashioned scoop tub, set up on claw legs. The water ran rusty at first, but then cleared and it was hot.

She didn't relish the task ahead of her. How would she explain the delay?

Suppose — suppose the man she struck had dragged himself off in the woods and died there? Suppose — no, she wouldn't let herself think of manslaughter. She would do what she had to do at once, without hesitating. She heard a car drive up to the door as she was dressing again. She ran downstairs, buttoning her jacket.

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Everyone crowded into the kitchen where Martha and Dilly had prepared a hasty meal.

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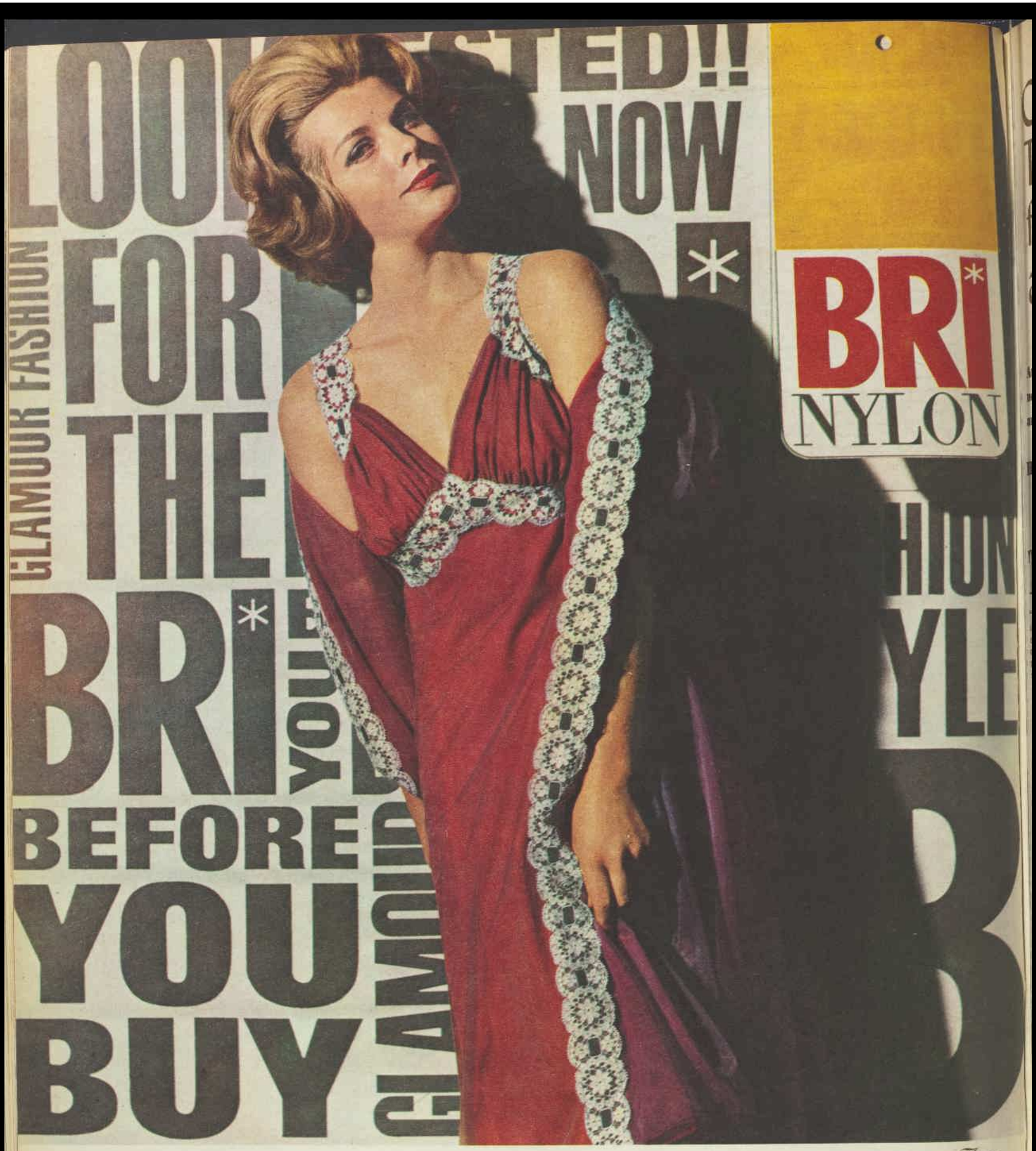

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Captain Turner finds a home

At last his hopes might now be realised . . . an appealing short story

By HUMPHREY KNIGHT

"Tell me a story about a boat," Doll eagerly asked Captain Turner.

THE agent murmured with a winning smile: "We haven't let for these people before but the room sounds delightful. And I've spoken to Mrs. Faulkner on the telephone—she sounded a charming person."

Captain Turner grunted. He was inclined to mistrust "charming people." He'd had a purser in one of his ships who'd been charming, until Captain Turner discovered that of three cases of tomato sauce ordered for the officers only two had actually come abroad. The cost of the third had been split between the charming purser and the supplier.

So he said gruffly: "Well, I'll give it a look."

While the agent, a thinly smart woman with a voice like raw silk, phoned to arrange a time, he thought morosely about the other furnished rooms he had seen over the past two weeks.

They had been either poky, dirty, obviously furnished with every unwanted and ugly stick of furniture, or far too expensive — several could boast of having all these qualities. And to Mr. Turner's nautical eye all could have done with a coat of paint.

The agent held the telephone at arm's length: "Could you manage two-thirty this afternoon?"

Captain Turner nodded agreement. The "quiet number" the shipping company had given him in their city office left him pretty free to come and go as he pleased. These "quiet numbers" were the reward given to retired captains who wanted to avoid a complete break with ships and cargoes, manifest lists and stores, and all the mighty and complicated business necessary to keep Britain's merchantmen rolling and pitching across the oceans of the world.

"Here's the address. It's in Chelsea."

"Artists, eh?"

Captain Turner grinned and a hundred tiny lines spread across his leathery complexion.

"Oh," said the agent, laughing. "Not neccessarily."

"I don't mind. Paint a bit myself. Ever tried to paint the sea? Most difficult thing in the world."

The agent hadn't, actually, and quickly gave him the card with the address on it. "You can get there on a 22 or 19 bus," she said. "Or tube to Sloane Square."

Captain Turner took the card. "Don't like tubes. Like to see where I'm going. I'll bus it."

Bowling along on top of the bus, and it didn't seem like the bridge of a ship as it had when he was a youngster, he began to hope that this room would be pleasant. He was very fed up with the small hotel where he had been staying ever since he had slung his hook and retired from the sea.

As a permanent anchorage his present hotel was cheerless, stuffy, expensive considering its amenities, and the off-hand service was more irritating than no service at all.

Perhaps, he thought, as the bus swung round Sloane Square, the idea of taking a furnished room and doing for himself was partly inspired by the simple fact that he missed having a cabin. You could not turn an hotel bedroom into anything remotely resembling home—or cabin—whereas he thought he might well be able to do that with a room.

Forty years at sea in tramp ships had long accustomed Mr. Turner to sitting, and sleeping, living, in fact, in one space. He liked it. Aware of his increasing restlessness ashore, he felt his seasickness — he smiled to himself — might be eased a little in this way.

But there was something which nagged him more deeply. He missed dreadfully what were humorously described as the cares and tribulations of command. His job was now undemanding. He had nothing to worry about.

Any decisions he had to make were of pigmy proportions. He did not even have a wife to concern himself with—he had been a widower these past fifteen years and his only son was far away in Hong Kong.

At the address he found a block of Victorian mansion flats in a tree-lined street. He walked up to the first floor and rang the bell.

A pretty woman, with a fair-haired little girl peering from behind her skirts, opened the door.

"Mrs. Faulkner?"

"Yes—Captain Turner? Do come in."

The little girl asked excitedly: "Are you going to live with us?"

Captain Turner smiled down at her and answered gravely: "Well, I don't know yet."

"Let me show you the room," said Mrs. Faulkner, and led the way down the long passage. Diffidently, she opened a white-painted door and stood back to let Captain Turner enter first.

It was a fine room, almost, he thought nostalgically, as big as his last cabin. It had been freshly painted and distempered, all in white. There was a dark blue cord carpet, a neat divan with fitted cover, a big comfortable armchair, a mahogany table with two chairs and an enormous hanging cupboard with shelves. There were french windows and a small balcony.

With a quick nervousness that he found pleasantly uncommercial, Mrs. Faulkner explained about use of bath, freedom to cook in the kitchen, and where the meter was for the gas fire.

"We are a family," she said timidly, "but not a noisy one. My husband works at home quite a lot. He's a commercial artist."

"He draws," explained the little girl helpfully.

"That's clever," said Captain Turner, and then to Mrs. Faulkner: "Supposing I came, would you mind if I moved one or two bits and pieces of my own in here? I've got a small desk and a couple of pictures."

"But of course we wouldn't mind. Whoever takes this room—well, we want them to feel it's a home. Their place, you know what I mean?"

"I do, ma'am, I do indeed."

Captain Turner had decided. He wanted this room. Its whiteness, the sensible blue carpet, the french windows, and the balcony were irresistible. Suddenly his heart felt lighter than it had for a long time.

Smiling, he bent down to the little girl. "What's your name?"

"Doll. What's yours?"

This was a poser. Captain Turner was a forthright man, and an honest one. He hated the silly subterfuge of "Uncle" when one was not—simply because it was a term of respect. He was perfectly happy, and indeed professionally accustomed, to be called Sir. But he certainly couldn't have a little girl of six calling him that.

All sailors love children—probably because they don't see them every day—and so Captain Turner asked jocularly: "What would you like to call me?"

Doll hid her face in her mother's full skirt.

"Come on," said Captain Turner encouragingly, "tell me."

The blond head reappeared. "Bear."

To page 80

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Every girl has to solve the problem of unsightly hair—and the simple answer is *Veet 'O'*. Fragrant *Veet 'O'* is as nice to use as a beauty cream—leaves no tell-tale depilatory smell. You just smooth it on and—*in minutes* every trace of hair melts away. *Veet 'O'* leaves skin satin-soft, makes underarms immaculate, arms and legs fuzz-free . . . leaves no shadow, no coarse stubble. At chemists. Tubes 4/-. Large size 6/-.

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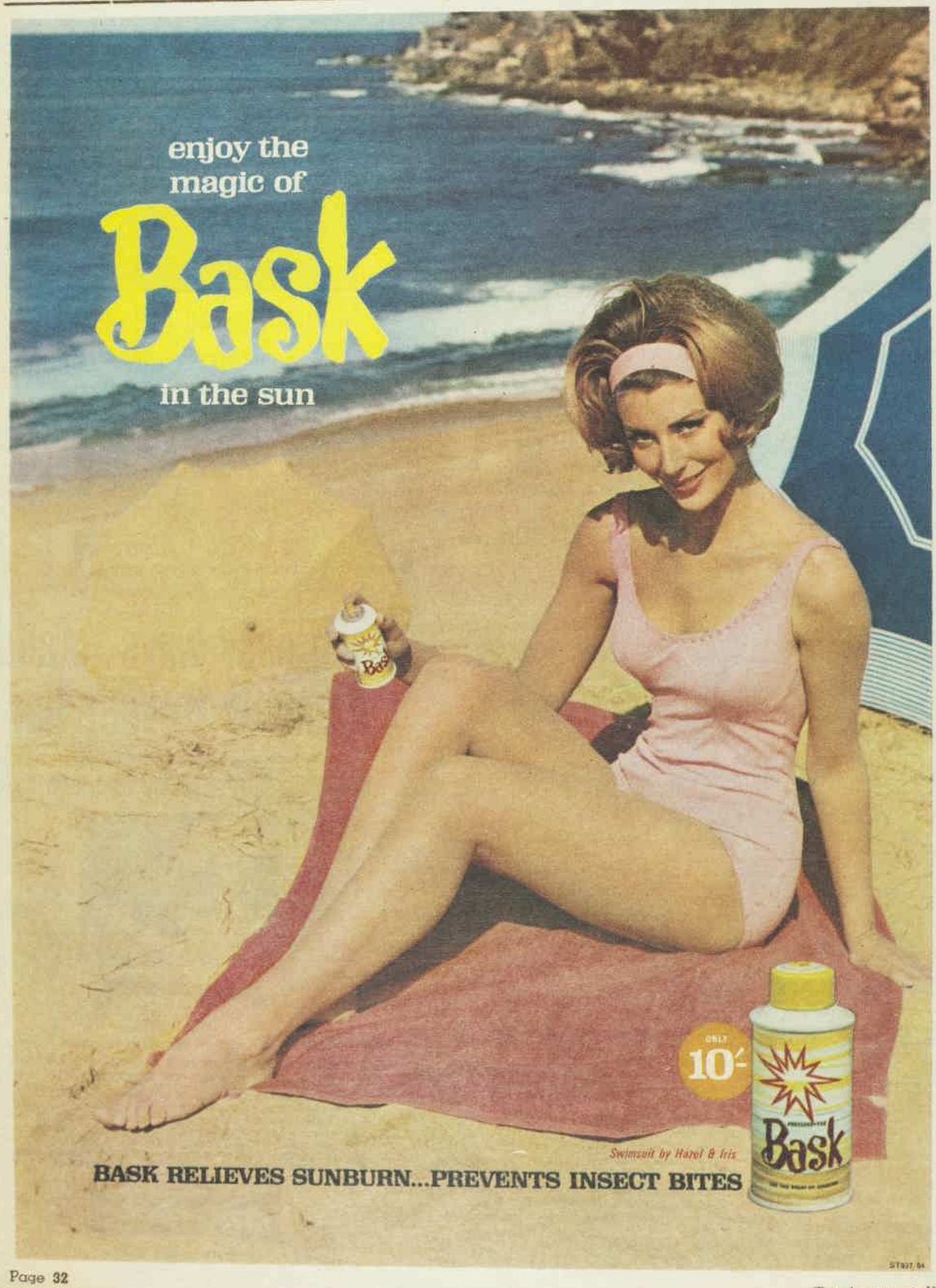
FRINGE BENEFITS

A short story complete on these two pages

By ISABEL JOHNSTON



A JOB at last! After being out of work month after month, Jed Radwell should have been glad he'd landed it. He wasn't. He hated to drive home and tell Dorothy the news. On a three weeks' tour he'd contacted all the big city firms — in vain. On the way home, he remembered his father-in-law's suggestion and dropped in at the small local plant in their small town.

It was a job, Jed told himself fiercely, but not like the fine positions he'd held with big outfits.

Why, in his last job, he'd been assistant to the vice-president, sent all over the country — even to Europe — as troubleshooter for the firm. When he took the job, it had looked like a wonderful opportunity. He hadn't known that the man who hired him was on his way out and that he'd be let out, too.

When a man reached his 40s, it was tough being fired for the first time. His fine record worked against him. If he'd been a bookkeeper or office manager, he might have got a new job quickly. There simply weren't many openings for assistants to vice-presidents.

"Sorry we have no spot good enough for a man with your background and experience," prospective employers told him regretfully, "but drop in and see us again."

The man who hired him in his last job had been close to retirement age. Jed had visions of stepping into a vice-presidency, but, instead, they let him go. New men in power naturally preferred to keep on the men they'd hired themselves.

He'd worked hard to give his family everything and had been happy to do it—private schools and expensive summer camps for the boys, a second car for the family, membership in an exclusive country club, a mink coat for Dorothy. It had been worth the lonely nights in hotel rooms when he was away on business trips.

On his return he always brought presents — walkie-talkies and Swiss watches for the boys, a real motor for Dick's toy aeroplane, a camera for little Rus, perfume and jewellery for Dorothy. Now, all those luxuries were out. With a footling little job like this, he couldn't afford to buy anything worth giving.

Perhaps they should have saved more, but it never occurred to Jed that they might hit hard times. To make their reserves last longer, they'd sold their big house with its mortgages and moved into an old farmhouse next to the retirement farm Dorothy's father owned on the outskirts of the small town.

Grandpa Henkle had been sure the new local plant in town would

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be delighted to get someone with Jed's experience. He'd been right, but what a comedown!

With a sense of guilt and shame, he turned into the driveway of the old farmhouse that needed paint. He told himself he'd try to hide the letdown he felt. Dorothy greeted him with a warm kiss, but he might have known she'd read the disappointment behind his forced smile.

"Never mind, darling," she whispered, sensing his mood, but misinterpreting the cause. "You'll land a job soon, I know."

"Oh, I got a job all right," he admitted.

"Wonderful!" she beamed.

"At the local plant. Sort of manager. At less than half the salary I've been getting."

"But there must be fringe benefits."

"No such luck. The plant's just starting. The boss said they couldn't afford frills."

"Well, it costs us much less to live here," Dorothy comforted him.

"In this ramshackled old farmhouse? I'd hoped to get a decent job so we could have a decent home!"

"Mum and Dad will be so glad to have us near them—and think how much we'll save on baby-sitters!" Dorothy went on brightly, "and with your know-how the plant will grow. Come on, let's toast the plant's success and your new job."

GRATEFULLY he watched her as she mixed drinks, so cheerful, so happy, willing to celebrate even such a paltry job. When she sat down beside him and raised her glass, he put an arm around her.

"With you, I'd be happy anywhere," he said, "but it's the kids . . ."

"What about them?"

"I hate not being able to give them advantages," he confessed. "Swimming at the country club pool did Rus so much good. He grew a couple of inches. I hate telling them they won't have a country club pool to swim in any more."

"There's the river. I'm sure it has a swimming hole," Dorothy reminded him, "And Dad said it was wonderful for skating in winter."

"And Dick has such a fine mind," Jed worried. "He deserves a really fine education — not just a little country school."

Dorothy thought that over for a moment. Then she said:

"This new job. You won't have to be away on trips so much, will you?"

"Not likely. It's just this one small plant. They don't have branches all over the country and contacts in Europe like the big concerns."

"Then you'll be home all the time!" Dorothy rejoiced. "The boys will love that. They can learn a lot, doing things with you."

"But I promised Dick, if he kept up his good marks, I'd get him a car when he turned 16 and now that's out."

"I'm glad. Dick may be smart in science, but I don't trust his judgment with a car."

"But I wanted to send him to the best possible college — and how can we swing it now?"

"Instead of working for good marks to get a car, he can work hard for a scholarship," Dorothy insisted.

Dorothy certainly was a trooper, but Jed still dreaded telling the boys they were stuck out here in the sticks. He winced as he heard the door bang and the clatter of their feet as they came rushing in.

"Oh Dad, oh Mum, what do you suppose?" Rus shouted.

"Well, kids, I got a job here in town," Jed interrupted, "it looks as if we're stuck with it for a while."

"Then, Dad, can I have a horse?" Dick asked eagerly. "The boy in the farm down the road said he'd trade me his horse for my walkie-talkie, my camera, and the wristwatch you brought me from Switzerland."

"I suppose you can," Jed agreed.

"Mum, Dad, listen!" Rus screamed to make himself heard, "I learned to milk a cow. A whole pailful!"

The boys babbled on, each trying to outshout the other. Dick about his horse, Rus about the cow, much more excited than they'd ever been over the walkie-talkies or the other expensive presents Jed had given them. Jed found himself laughing in relief. Why, they hadn't even noticed he hadn't brought them anything!

When Dorothy shooed the boys away to wash for dinner and the hubbub was over, she turned to Jed with a triumphant, meaningful smile.

"Didn't I tell you? There are fringe benefits in that new job—after all!"

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Family affairs

12 STEPS TO HAPPIER LIVING

(They really work—I've tried them)

by ALVA RAY

● Mental health fluctuates in everybody — just as physical fitness does. Most people show some neurotic symptoms under stress at some time or other. Want to keep in good mental health? Then remember it depends almost entirely on yourself. Here is a reader's step-by-step plan toward a way out of anxiety and tension.

AS I write this article, more than 29 per cent. of the hospital beds in Australia are occupied by victims of mental illness. Of the others, many physical ailments such as heart disease, asthma, strokes, diabetes are suspected often of having stress as a contributory cause.

These outside factors can be lessened. How? Start using this 12-step plan and you will be on the right road to preserving mental health.

Step 1. Picture yourself exactly as you want to be — a healthy, happy, useful person in a harmonious circle of family, friends, and community.

Step 2. Off to the doctor. Tell him you are showing neurotic symptoms — get a physical check-up.

Often we are half-worried about some lump or pain, and yet have not asked about it, for fear of ridicule.

(My mother went round for 20 years in nameless dread of a lump which proved perfectly harmless.) Ask now.

Make a list of every physical and nervous symptom, however trivial, and ask. Sometimes unsuspected physical trouble saps our energy and nerves. If anything like this is discovered, half the battle is won.

Suppose you're in perfect physical shape and all your worries were groundless, all that is lost is a load of fear, some pride, and a little money.

It gives a lift to know you're in good physical health.

Step 3. Off to the dentist. A brawny 6ft. 4in., 15-stone football hero spent two years as a temporary teacher rather than have a tooth filled, and so be eligible to join the permanent staff!

The Government in N.S.W. is planning to establish a mobile dental service for "shut-ins."

Badly fitting false teeth are often a misery for the aged. Many mothers of young children have nobody to leave the children with while they visit the dentist.

Change routine

Step 4. Much advice given to help relieve "the blues," seems to involve heavy spending of two scarce resources, energy and money. "Take a holiday, get a new hairdo, hat, husband, hobby, job, and so on."

Poverty is recognised as a fertile breeding ground for neuroses, but financial management on the average income also involves considerable tension.

The following suggestions have been selected and proved by experience to require the minimum of effort and expense for a maximum result.

We have all heard of the old lady who complained "Life is so daily." If you cannot afford a holiday to escape "dailiness," try the N.E.R.P. idea.

During the last war a whimsical story appeared in an English magazine. It told of a single woman nearing 30, and depressed. Her doctor advised her to take as many N.E.R.P.s per day as possible.

N.E.R.P. stood for New Everyday Routine Plan. Each day the woman thought of as many minor changes in routine as possible.

Walking a different route to work; having a shower instead of a bath; watching a different type of play; changing round the furniture—she tried them all.

She became revitalised, and, of course, wed Prince Charming, whom she met while eating sandwiches on the roof, instead of a pie in the cafeteria.

While there is no guarantee of meeting Prince Charming if you follow the N.E.R.P. system, it does stimulate and enliven the personality, so that for very little extra effort you may become a Princess Charming.

Have faith

Step 5. Human beings everywhere have found the greatest single aid to mental health is faith. If you come to believe in someone or something bigger than yourself, and outside yourself, it will lift your emotional level above the petty irritants.

Side-step the "black dog"

Step 6. Old Henry VIII is said to have complained about "that black dog that comes and sits on my shoulder."

It is intriguing to imagine Henry's fits of depression and guilt. Did he see visions of a parade of headless ex-wives?

Perhaps sometimes the heads alone would haunt him, like the Cheshire Cat in "Alice in Wonderland."

Joking aside, we all know what mood he meant by his "black dog." Women are particularly vulnerable to this attack in the week before a period.

Taking extra glucose fairly often in some convenient form as sweets and cutting down on fluid intake help many.

Early hours of the morning are a favorite time for the "black dog" to prowl around. We wake up and worry over any of a dozen ills, the loss of a husband, chronic ill-health, financial trouble, and so on.

Often we combine a feeling of guilt with our sorrows: "If only I'd done this or been more kind it might not have happened!"

This type of thinking feeds depression. But how to occupy our minds enough to chase gloom away, yet not so much as to discourage sleep. Some well-proved methods are:

(a) Think out a story unrelated to your worry.

(b) Play "The Minister's Cat." Work your way through the alphabet, e.g., "The Minister's Cat angered Aunt Agatha." "The Minister's Cat bought brown buttons." If you are still awake by the time you get to "The Minister's Cat zipped zoo zebras," try this variation:— "The Minister's Cat aped big cougars, bit curly dogs, carried dark elves, and so on.

(c) Picture the most beautiful scene you have ever set eyes on. Describe it minutely. Then imagine another more beautiful one. Describe it in detail. Use all senses to imagine with. Sounds, smells, touch, even perhaps the taste of fruit on a tree. This game carries a bonus. Each day you will find yourself on the lookout for beautiful scenes to describe at night.

(d) This game is somewhat similar. Think of any object, e.g., a horse. Think of how the word impresses your different senses, and in what order the sight, sound, smell, feel of a horse comes to mind.

(e) Take an imaginary trip around the world. One old lady of 76 has developed this game to the stage where she reads travel books (with a dictionary and atlas handy to consult) during much of her waking time.

(f) Think of a proverb. Then think of a proverb which contains the opposite thought, e.g., "Look before you leap," and "He who hesitates is lost."

Think more of others

Step 7. Often when undergoing severe stress, your relationship with other people suffers.

C. S. Lewis pictured Hell as loneliness. Each self-centred entity progressively became more tightly wrapped in itself, growing smaller, and drifting away into darkness.

During times of strain, it is easy to think others are distant and cold just at the time we need them most.

This is often because we ourselves become less outgoing, easy-going, and affectionate at such times.

When you are feeling lonely and neglected, picture your family and friends one at a time.

Start with your husband. See his best points, picture him as a good provider, acting always with love and kindness toward you and his family.

Hold this picture vividly and continually in mind. Treat him as though this were really so.

Follow this technique with others of the family and friends. Don't allow an unkind thought of anyone to lodge in your mind. Chase it away immediately by a vivid mental picture of a good point of the person concerned.

As a lifelong habit, cultivate the old "Threefold Rule of Tongue." Before you express an opinion of anyone, think: Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary? And only if the opinion passes these rules should it pass your tongue.

However, if you still *feel* mean about someone, even though you say nothing, try this: Picture yourself as that person — living with all his problems.

See the situation which made you sore, from his point of view. The Red Indians have a saying "Judge no man until you have walked in his moccasins for two weeks."

Start something new

Step 8. A lady of 66, in indifferent health joined a local hospital auxiliary.

She helps wheel the "trolley shop" around the wards one morning a month, and has gained a new lease of life.

Learning any new skill, and especially using it to help others, satisfies our need for achievement and recognition.

If you are pretty much "shut-in," looking after small children or an invalid, learn to "phone visit." A call daily, or even twice-weekly to a different friend or relative demands little effort or money, and gives joy to both parties.

Keeping up a regular letter-writing habit, preferably with two people, gives a lift.

Go to bed worry-free

Step 9. Experts say that the time immediately before bed and on waking should be as pleasant as possible.

Many find that reading a psalm each night just before turning out the light induces a hopeful, serene frame of mind for sleep.

Certainly don't look at your bills, or you'll go to sleep troubled.

The TV news after a pleasant dinner is often disturbing and depressing. The woes of the entire world, fears of war, murders, horrible accidents, are not just blasted

(Continued on page 38)

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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

1343.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Special Vogue couturier pattern 1343; price 14/- includes postage. Address orders to Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

● This week I have chosen two patterns for readers. One (opposite page) is for a Queensland reader. The other (above) is a special Vogue couturier design for a reader in Melbourne.

HERE is part of the letter from the Queensland reader, with my reply:

"Would you have a pattern for a full-length wrap-on frock suitable to wear in hot weather? The frock must be easy to slip on, be cool, but not look like a housecoat. My material is a bright green and black silk print. If I like the design I will make a second frock in cotton. I take a 34in. bust size."

The design I have chosen in answer to your query is illustrated opposite. As requested, it is an easy-cut wrap-on dress tying at shoulder and hip. A paper pattern for the design is available in your size. The pattern also includes a sleeveless design in street-length.

Here is the Melbourne reader's request:

"I have some beautiful brocade I wish to make into a sleeveless evening frock, and I need a pattern for a style. What type of wrap would be suitable for the frock?"

The design I have chosen for your brocade dress (see illustration above) has a sleeveless, fitted bodice finished with a shallow, scooped-out neckline. The skirt is slim, with released darts for shaping. A matching coat would make the ensemble extremely smart and complete.

Actually, the pattern is three-way — short or floor-length — and includes a straight coat with three-quarter sleeves and a wide, standaway, rolled collar. An alternative idea for the wrap would be a long wide stole in matching brocade.

If you decide to order the pattern, details are given under the picture.

Here are other Dress Sense letters from this week's mail:

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"A friend is taking me to dinner in a hotel and I am wearing a semi-formal evening frock and silk coat. Is it correct to remove my coat at the table or in the cloak room?"

When you sit down at the table throw your coat back over your chair.

"Do you keep patterns for formal wedding gowns? I was wondering if you have a fairly plain short-sleeved style with a train and fitted bodice. I am tall and slim."

Yes we do. The design I suggest for you has princess lines, which will make the most of your slender figure. The skirt sweeps into a wide train and the bodice is finished with tiny puffed sleeves. If you wish to order, quote Vogue pattern 4068; price 7/6 includes postage. Send orders to Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon.

"Please give me a couple of ideas for a blouse. I don't want the same old style with a peter pan collar."

The blouse with a ruffle trim or with a wide turtle neckline is in fashion.

"Would it be correct to wear high-heel patent-leather shoes with an evening dress?"

Patent-leather shoes would not be correct with a formal evening dress. However, some of the new cut-out sling-back patent shoes are delicate enough to wear with a late-day dress.

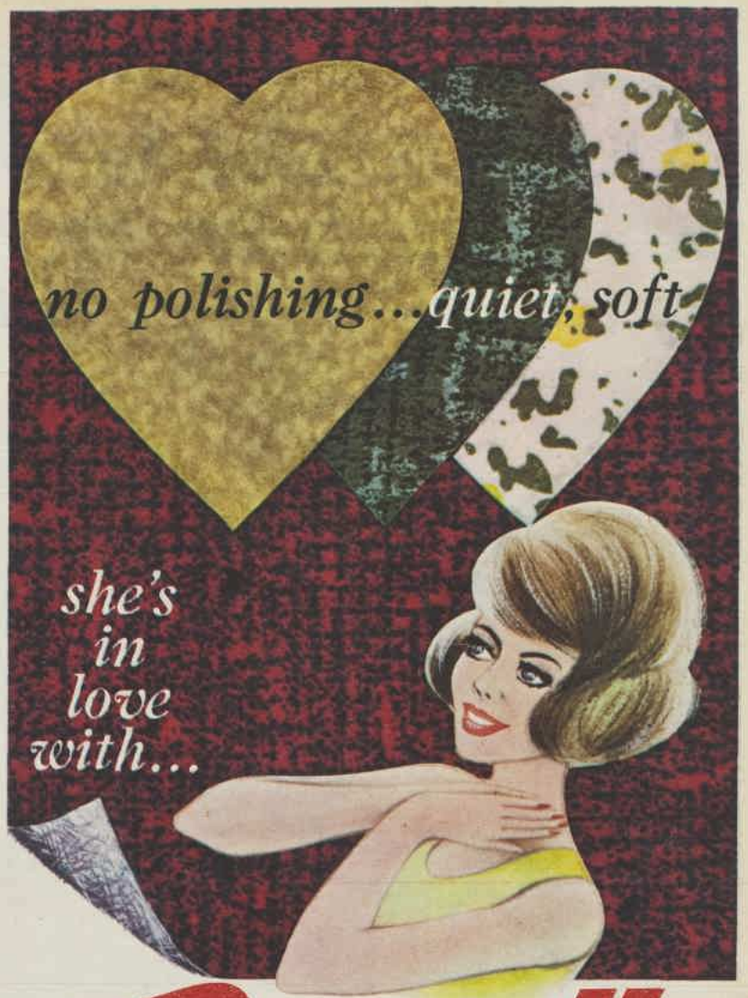
"How can a smallish person be made to look taller? I am 5ft. 4in. and a bit curvy."

A shift, a two-piece with matching top and skirt, and a beltless A-line dress are all silhouettes that will play down the curvy look and make you look taller.

"I am in my early thirties and very young-looking for my years. My problem is I am marrying for the second time and my future husband would like me to wear a wedding veil. Is this correct? The dress I am wearing is organdie and ballerina-length."

It is not correct to wear a wedding veil; you can dress as a bride only once. My suggestion is an organdie hat made in white petals and trimmed with an occasional green leaf.

6217.—Wrap-around dress. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6217; price 6/6 includes postage. Orders to Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.



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IT'S EASY! Below are three scrambled sentences. When the words are correctly arranged, they describe some reasons why New Kotex Napkins keep you comfortably safe. Find your clues at the right, rearrange the order of the words in the three sentences — and write them correctly in the spaces provided. Then write 25 words about the things which make Christmas enjoyable for you, in the space below. Mail your entry to: *Carefree Christmas Contest, Box 220, P.O., Crows Nest, N.S.W.*

CLUES: "New Kotex has a polythene accident barrier to stop moisture coming through. It's right at the base of your napkin, protects you when you're sitting, standing — moving. Special layers of cellucotton mean New Kotex has twice the absorbency, too. And you'll see New Kotex has a soft, strong cover. So you're comfortably safe in a way never possible before".

A barrier Kotex new accident has polythene.....

Twice the has Kotex new absorbency.....

Soft a cover Kotex new has strong.....

Complete the 25-word statement "To me, a carefree Christmas means.....

".....

".....

NAME:..... ADDRESS:..... (PRINT CLEARLY)

STATE:.....

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. There is no limit to the number of entries which can be sent, but each entry must be in a separate envelope and must be accompanied by the word 'Kotex' from the bottom of a Kotex pack (not required from residents of any State where their enclosure would contravene State law).
2. Entries must include the full name and address of the entrant.
3. Contest closes on December 7th. All entries must be postmarked not later than this date.
4. Chance plays no part in determining the winner and each entry will be compared and examined on its merits by a qualified panel of judges.
   To qualify, entries must include the three scrambled sentences in their correct form. From the entries which qualify, the winner will be determined on the basis of originality, aptness and neatness in completing the 25-word statement.
5. All entries received become the property of Kimberly-Clark and none will be returned.
6. Winners will be notified by mail at the conclusion of the contest and a complete list of winners will be available on request.
7. Employees of Kimberly-Clark, their advertising agents and relatives of each are ineligible to enter.
8. Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

KK881

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12 STEPS TO HAPPIER LIVING

(Continued from page 35)

into our ears as in wireless days, but the camera now takes us right into the heart of many a tragic disaster.

If you are in a depressed state of mind, it is often helpful to skip the news for a few nights.

On waking, our attitude to the whole day can often be influenced for the better if we spend a few moments thinking of a pleasant feature of the day.

If the sun is streaming into the room it is not hard to visualise a happy day. Otherwise plan something pleasant to do, such as seeing a friend or cooking a favorite recipe.

A tired and overworked young mother had infant twins as well as an active two-year-old.

Each day when she awoke she began to visualise herself as radiantly happy and full of vigor, the children joyful and good as gold, the household orderly.

By firmly holding this picture in her mind each day, she found a tremendous improvement in her attitude, the children became more easy to handle, and the household chores more efficiently done.

Don't take on too much

Step 10. Use foresight to avoid situations which are sure to overtax your nervous system.

Steer clear of the long engagement; the double mortgage; combining a job with a university course plus building a home all in one hit.

Be as careful, too, in the selection of your reading matter as you are of what you eat.

Some books are mental poison. Good whodunits, travel, humor, and adventure usually have a wholesome influence.

One middle-aged woman felt that life was passing her by and began to read novels of "real life."

One in particular, a savage imaginary tale of the brutal treatment of negroes, played on her mind for months.

She changed her reading habits, took a part-time job in a busy chainstore, and regained her peace of mind.

Practise laughing

Step 11. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," says the Book of Proverbs.

Try to imagine your next nerve-racking situation as a sketch on TV. This often saves the day.

Get into the habit of looking for the funny side in every happening.

One woman, after a shocking day with her toddler, sat down that night and drew the horrible scene; food, clothes, toys strewn all over the room; mother distraught and sobbing; father walking in, astonished.

She wrote a caption under the drawing, "I gave him away," and sent it to a magazine.

They sent her a cheque. She cashed it, hired a baby-sitter, went into town, had a new hairdo, saw a show, and kept her sanity.

Try a safety-valve

Step 12. Circumstances can force us into long-term trying situations, however. If this happens, make it an inflexible rule to have one hour a day to spend just as *you* please.

An elderly man, stuck with the sole care of an invalid wife, spends one hour each afternoon, feet up, playing cards.

That dog-eared pack has been the safety-valve that has allowed him to keep at his task for almost three years without a break.

An old-fashioned recharger of mental batteries is coming back into fashion.

It is the "quiet time." Half an hour, preferably near the beginning of each day, is set aside for prayer or meditation.

The late President Kennedy, no matter how pressing the affairs of State, always relaxed for an hour after lunch, or, if weather permitted, he would stroll in the garden. Otherwise, he relaxed in his rocking-chair.

Often a wife will be irritated by her husband's absorption in toy trains, golf, tropical fish, or "messing about in boats."

Stand aside and let him enjoy his interests. They serve as a safety-valve to release negative emotions harmlessly.

Better for him to beat a ball with a golf club than to have a go at the boss.

Children's play serves as their release from tensions. Painting, mud-pies, doll-play, and energetic outdoor play with companions are all healthy outlets.

Quietly observe your daughter's doll-play. You may gain quite an insight into how she feels about you.

★ ★ ★

Taking these 12 steps may be difficult for about a week. After that time they'll be a habit. And you'll have a happier, better-balanced personality.

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British Paints Limited

GLOSS-MASTA

EXCLUSIVE BRILLIANT GLOSS ENAMEL

Looks and wears like baked enamel!

for Interior and Exterior

The only brilliant gloss enamel made that COVERS ANY COLOUR WITH ONE COAT... and cuts labour and material by half.

- ★ New standard of exceptional brilliance.
- ★ Dries overnight with a brilliant, luxurious, porcelain-like finish that looks and wears like baked enamel.
- ★ The more you wash it, the better it looks.
- ★ Completely withstands boiling water, steam, grease and all cooking fumes.
- ★ So very easy to use.

You are invited to call, phone or write to the British Paints Limited Macquarie Colour Service for free painting and colour advice. Skilled colour consultants and paint technicians will welcome your enquiry and provide complete, authoritative answers to all painting problems.

Sydney: 3rd Floor, King York House, 32 York Street, Sydney. Phone 29-5883
Newcastle: 1 Arnolds Lane, Waratah. Phone 68.1228
Lismore: 38 Bridge Street, North Lismore. Phone 2265-6
Brisbane: Nudgee Road, Hendra. Phone 68.2541-4
Townsville: Perkins Street, South Townsville. Phone 5468
Rockhampton: 232 Quay Lane, Rockhampton. Phone 8328
Melbourne: 7th Floor, Atlans Building, 276 Collins Street. Phone 63-8792
Adelaide: 4th Fl., Murray House, 77-79 Grenfell Street. Ph. 23-5033, 23-5134
Perth: Commonwealth Bank Building, 55 William Street. Phone 21-7142
Launceston: Fawkner Avenue, Kings Meadows, Launceston. Phone 4-3306

FOR BATHROOMS

FOR KITCHENS

FOR LAUNDRIES

FREE COLOUR CARDS ARE AVAILABLE FROM ALL AUTHORISED BRITISH PAINTS AGENTS.

FOR EXTERIORS

COMPANION PRODUCTS

Colour matching with GLOSS-MASTA

For KITCHENS, BATHROOMS and LAUNDRIES.

Satin-Tone

SATIN FINISH ENAMEL

The ideal finish for walls and ceilings for those who prefer a beautiful subdued satin finish, as a background for GLOSS-MASTA Brilliant Gloss Enamel on cupboards, furniture and all woodwork in Kitchens, Bathrooms and Laundries.

Satin-Tone is guaranteed to dry evenly and without brush marks.

For LOUNGE, DINING, BEDROOMS, SUNROOMS, etc.

NU-PLASTIK

ACRYLIC VELVET FLAT

The perfect Velvet Flat Acrylic Finish for distinctive decoration of walls and ceilings of lounge, dining room, bedrooms, etc. For all woodwork in these rooms, such as doors, windows, skirting boards, etc., choose either GLOSS-MASTA Brilliant Gloss Enamel or SATIN-TONE Satin Finish Enamel to complete your perfect painting system.

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Open-air look for the young at heart

Cool as a zephyr. Soft as a caress. Pampering as only Selby's fit can be. High summer fashion now in polar white and pale, pale poodle. Try on the Open-Air Look by Selby. How wonderful it looks. And feels. As young and free as you like to be. Remember, you can't buy them everywhere! Selby is exclusive to Australia's top department and shoe fashion stores.

Selby

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4881142

LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Why men prefer blue

TO "Blue Eyes" (Vic.), who asked why many men prefer the color blue: the explanation is that, while most men are not completely color-blind, their sight is red-green deficient—that is, they cannot discern as easily a redder or a greener color. Thus they are more perceptive to blue and yellow color sensations.

£1/1/- to J. R. Wilkinson, Killara, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I THINK that the reason why men prefer blue is quite straightforward. The average male child is surrounded by and dressed in blues, and when he becomes older he has a subconscious awareness and liking for blue, the color to which he is most accustomed.

£1/1/- to "All Blue" (name supplied), North Hobart, Tas.

★ ★ ★

WHEN expecting our first child my husband took me into a maternity shop and there selected for me one of the prettiest frocks I have ever owned. The color? Blue. I don't know why he chose it, but it certainly worked wonders for me. It made me feel very happy and confident, and the compliments that flowed over that frock were numerous.

£1/1/- to "Happy Mother" (name supplied), Ararat, Vic.

★ ★ ★

IT is a proven fact that a large pereentage of males are color-blind, and maybe blue looks good to them. However, with an unending list of song titles such as "Alice Blue Gown," "Two Little Girls in Blue," "Am I Blue?", "Blue Hawaii," etc., maybe it's the power of suggestion that makes men decide blue is their favorite color.

£1/1/- to P. Walker, Geebung West, Qld.

★ ★ ★

I DO not agree that most men prefer blue. Many do, of course, but more seem to prefer green. These two colors seem to be the most favored because, I think, they suit most people's coloring. I have noticed that most people's favorite color blends with the color of their eyes. People with blue eyes like blue, and people with brown, hazel, or green eyes prefer green. Have you noticed this? A quick test of your friends will confirm it.

£1/1/- to Miss Leonie Burford, Croydon, S.A.

★ ★ ★

IN an old book of superstitions belonging to my grandmother, there is an item advising all maidens to wear something blue on a night of full moon if they want to bewitch their lover.

£1/1/- to P. Morgan-Jones, Moree, N.S.W.

If the house burned . . .

WE were discussing a recent house fire, and the question arose of "What would you save if your house was on fire?" Answers ranged from false teeth, favorite books, through to fur coats, but the one I liked best came in heartfelt tones from a young mother of six-month-old twins: "A big bundle of nappies." I wonder what other readers prize most?

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. de Warren, Holland Park, Qld.

Mirror quietened her

WHEN my first child was a baby she would cry the moment there was nobody to play with her. So I hit on an idea and put a mirror in the side of her Moses basket. As she lay there and kicked about she could see her reflection, and I think she thought it was someone playing with her. Anyway, the main thing was that it worked and saved this new mum a lot of time and worry.

£1/1/- to "One Who Knows" (name supplied), Eaglehawk, Vic.

How's that again?

MY grandparents, my mother, and I were driving in an unfamiliar suburb where the last time, with my help, we got lost. When I started a few directions, my mother said, "Will you please keep quiet, I don't want you confusing Dad. Let me do it."

£1/1/- to "Director" (name supplied), Sherwood, Qld.

Storing stamps for Christmas

EACH time I buy a stamp for a letter I buy two or three extra, then put them in my Christmas box so that when it's time to post my Christmas cards I don't notice the extra cost of postage. With the 10/- or more "saved" I can buy that present I almost forgot.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Franks, Somerset, Tas.

A smile for sleeplessness

I HAVE found a first-rate cure for those sleepless nights when the worries of the day rage interminably round in one's head. Just lie in bed and smile. The action of lifting the corners of the mouth seems to set off a chain reaction which relaxes the whole body. Smiling switches one's mind to gay and pleasant memories, and in this relaxed state of mind and body one drifts off to sleep.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Dorothy Hall, Brighton, Vic.

Beep! Beep!

● A Perth university student has strapped tiny transistors to the backs of some short-necked swamp tortoises in order to find out where they go in summer. He will use a walkie-talkie receiver to pick up the transistor sounds, inaudible to the tortoises.

The tortoise as he steals away
And leaves no forwarding address
Would doubtless, if consulted, say
"I like my privacy. Oh, yes,
But now they'll track us to our lair
(Liz Taylor shares this kind of plight)
And when you lay a secret bare
It shrivels sadly in the light.
Liz, if she likes, can go incog.,
False name, dark spectacles, the rest,
Whereas for me a friendly log
Must serve as camouflage at best."
It seems a little thing to ask
(Life for a tortoise isn't much):
In summer secrecy to bask
With only tortoises in touch.

— Dorothy Drain

Getting the job done

TWO years ago my fridge began to make a terrific sound. Requests to correct same to my husband (who is also the local electrician) resulted in "Yes, dear, later," or "When I have some spare parts." In desperation last week I pushed him out of bed ten minutes early to have a look at it. Exactly EIGHT AND A HALF minutes later, with only a spanner, the trouble was rectified. Incidentally, my husband IS an electrician and our name actually IS Element.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Element, Childers, Qld.

Pick-me-up for heavy workers

ALL women who know men who do heavy work should read them this very old recipe for a laborer's drink and see their reaction. "When you have any heavy work to do, do not take beer, cider, or spirits. By far the best drink is thin oatmeal and water with a little sugar. Proportions are a quarter of a pound of oatmeal to two or three quarts of water. It should be well boiled, then add one and a half ounces of brown sugar. If you find it thicker than you like, add more water. Before you drink, shake up the oatmeal through the liquid. In summer drink cold, in winter hot."

£1/1/- to Miss M. Williams, Parkdale, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

I ENJOY reading estate agents' advertisements.

They have an interesting language of their own. Most of it is brief and pithy, like "close trpt.," "cnr. pos.," or "gar. and rumpus."

Then suddenly they burst into fits of poetic enthusiasm. They call a house "glorious," "sparkling," or "immaculate."

Lately there has been a new trend in these ads. As well as saying the things a house has got, they mention things it COULD have, like "space for carport."

The idea was started by architects. In their house plans they sometimes include a place marked "site of proposed garage." Or they will show a bit surrounded by dotted lines called "extra bdrm. when reqd."

You might call it the daydream school of home planning.

Anyhow, estate agents have taken it up with enthusiasm. I came across a good example in a Sunday paper. This ad listed the mod. kt., spac. lnge., w. to w. cpts., and other features of the house. Then it said: "Room for pool."

There is something very flattering about these words. They suggest that you are the sort of person who would have a pool like a shot if there was room for it.

I put the paper down and looked out the window at the backyard of our house.

It had not occurred to me before, but we had room for pool. It would

fit in nicely down near the incinerator.

I felt a new touch of pride in the old place. I began wondering what sort of pool we had room for. A kidney-shaped one perhaps? With a high diving-board?

There would not be room for an Olympic pool—but you can't have everything.

That afternoon the Newbolts came to tea—a young couple we met on our holidays.

POOL (PERHAPS)

I showed them where we had room for pool, and they were impressed. I also pointed out the site of the proposed extension of the kitchen and the part of the verandah we could turn into a sunroom.

Inside the house, I indicated where we would put the piano if we bought one. I explained that the kitchen had space for a dish-washing machine. There was ample room for a clothes-dryer in the laundry, when we got round to it.

The young people seemed much cheered by my demonstration of the fantasy method of home design.

They haven't got a house yet, only a block of land.

But soon they were full of plans. They were deciding on the site of proposed extra bedrooms for their proposed children. They realised they had room for badminton court and space for goldfish pond.

And all this because that agent had the imagination to say "Room for pool."

The Estate Agents' Association should adopt a new song: "I'm a dreamer—aren't we all?"

Mummy, Who Is Your Husband? a new selection of Ross Campbell's best writings, is on sale at bookshops and newsagents. Published by Shakespeare Head Press, price 17/6.

ARE YOU TOO TIRED AT NIGHT?

Do you come home from work tired out . . . too exhausted to give your family the real companionship they expect?

Is your marriage suffering?

Men and women who feel run-down, depressed, need LECITHIN in their diet! Take TOPPIN 22 every day and you will feel a vibrant new surge of energy in 4 days.

Lecithin is a vital component of the nervous system, and after 30 this vital supply slowly drains away.

Suddenly you feel old before your time!

TOPPIN 22 tablets contain the 22 essential vitamins and minerals PLUS LECITHIN to quickly restore youthful vigour.

18/– *for one month's supply from your chemist.* (100 *day pack* 48/–.)

KEEP your chinline firm and young by using vitalizing cream every night. Cream the chinline generously and then, with the backs of your fingers, slap all round the chinline back and forth, letting the movement come entirely from your wrists. Then, with the fingertips, smooth the Ulan Vitalizing Night Cream from the cleft in the chin along the jawline to the ears. This tissue toning and nourishment will ensure a firm, youthful chinline and a skin of milky beauty.

I'M POUNDS BETTER OFF

Because I Take

FORD PILLS

Ford Pills keep me free from irregularity, sick headaches, tiredness and depression. I'm always sparkling with health and energy and never away from work. No wonder I'm pounds better off!

Ford Pills are safe and sure . . . and so economical, too! Regain good health, feel fit and well, buy a tube of Ford Pills today.

Slim off your overweight—write for a free FORD PILLS DIET CHART to G.P.O. Box 4155, Sydney.

Get your Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes for 6/6 and 3/9 everywhere P12.

FORD PILLS

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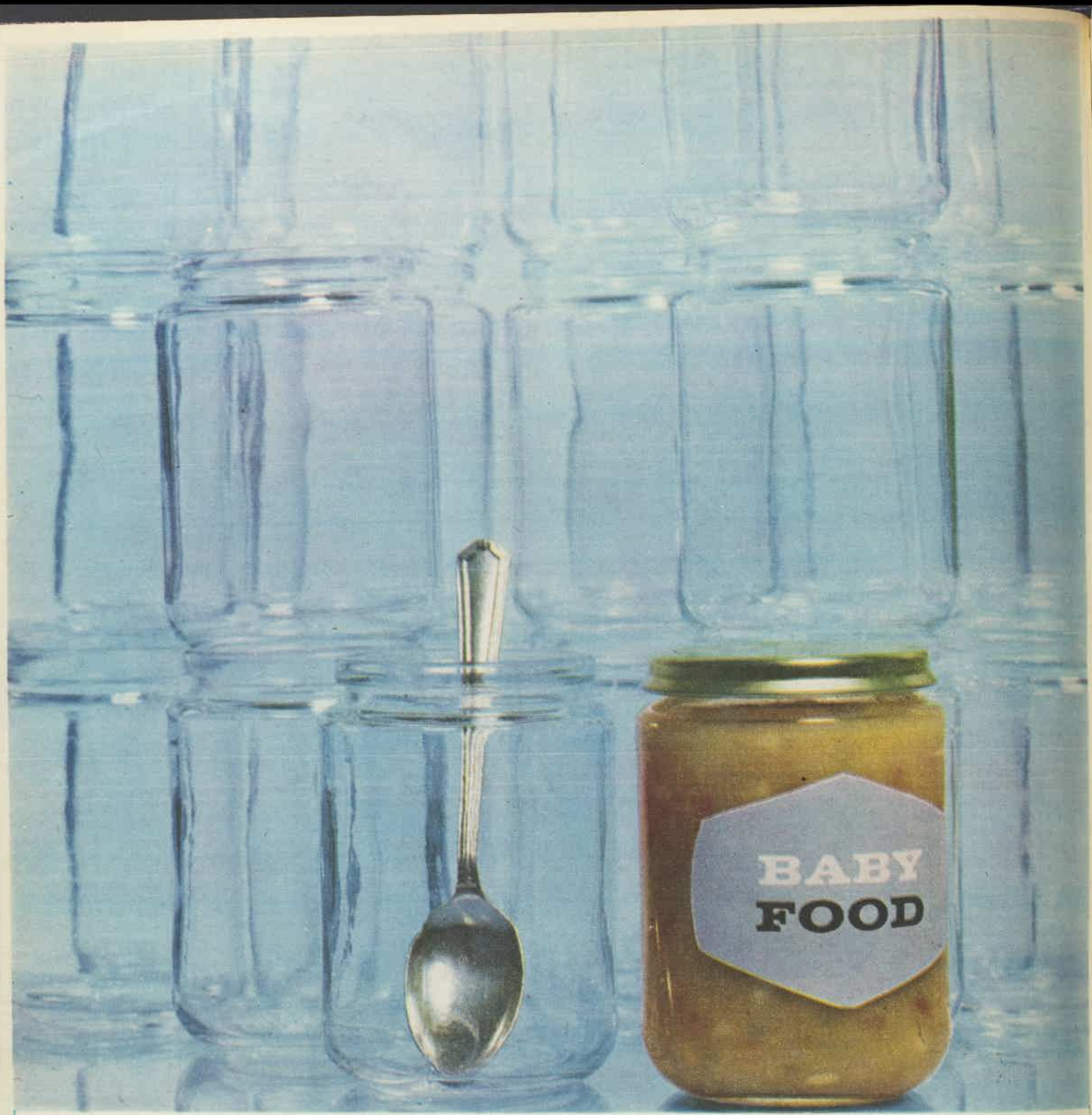

Mother now you can buy baby food the safe way. In glass containers. How could any mother buy it any other way?

Glass needs no artificial lining. It's lined in pure clean glass. Can't change delicate flavours. Glass containers are easy to open, and quick to re-seal for safe re-use. (Mothers all over the world are giving their babies this new protection). Mother knows good things come in glass.

Manufacturers proud of their products bring them to you in glass.

AUSTRALIAN GLASS MANUFACTURERS COMPANY

A Group Member of ACI *Australian Consolidated Industries Limited*

GOOD THINGS COME IN

glass

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At Home with Margaret Sydney

● ***One of our cats has this year taken the unprecedented step of producing ONE kitten. This, in the first few days, was a cause of great astonishment to her.***

SINCE it took her just as long to produce one as it normally takes for five or six, she looked at me, after the great event, with a very jaundiced and suspicious eye.

She looked under the bedding and behind the box, coming back at intervals to count her one kitten over and over again, and muttering a word that sounded suspiciously like "murderer."

I may say that her suspicions were quite without foundation — she had produced only one, and she simply couldn't believe it.

After a few days she began to see that such a small family had its advantages.

Normally Melly is the most devoted mother. Nothing will induce her to leave her kittens for a second during the first few days, and life is a continual round of feeding and cleaning.

She even demands room service, and meals have to be taken to her because she can't spare the time to come and get them.

But within 48 hours of the birth of the Monster Melly had realised that the possession of one kitten was no bar to a normal family life.

The poor Monster has no home and no permanent bed, he's simply carted about and dumped down wherever Melly thinks it would be nice for her to be.

If she finds the other cats lying in a comfortable sunny heap somewhere having a mid-morning sleep she goes and gets the Monster and dumps him and herself down in the middle of the heap.

The others all immediately fly for their lives, screaming "Unclean, unclean."

All our cats regard the other cats' kittens with shuddering distaste until they're about five weeks old — unless they happen to have young kittens at the same time themselves, when they spend a lot of time stealing from someone else's brood to add to their own.

Just now the poor wretches feel haunted. They probably don't realise yet that she has only one kitten — all they know is that wherever they look there's Melly and a kitten.

The Monster turns up in the most unlikely places. If we're watching television, Melly brings him in to join us; the first person to get into bed is likely to be honored by a visit from him within five minutes; he has been found in Kay's knitted handbag, in the clothes basket, in almost every drawer in the house, on every shelf of the linen press, in wastepaper baskets, in the peg-bag, and even in the back of the car.

The other day when I was talking on the phone he was suddenly dumped on my lap; obviously I'd been engaged as baby-sitter, because it was half an hour before Melly came back, and she seemed quite put out to find I wasn't still sitting there.

She forgave me when she found I had him in my pocket. There didn't seem to be anything else to do with him!

The poor little scrap didn't even have his eyes open at that stage, and with no heap of kittens to keep him warm it seemed cruel to abandon him while his mother was out.

One way and another, this one kitten is more nuisance than any other three litters have ever been.

You don't dare leave the house without searching your basket to make sure you're not kidnapping him; you don't dare sit down without searching behind the cushions first; even Melly has a bad time, because she moves him so often that every now and again she can't for the life of her think where she put him last.

I foresee trouble when the time comes for him to go out into the world.

We've managed to keep the household cat population within reasonable bounds by strict adherence to the one-person-one-cat rule.

Melly is officially mine, Vanessa is Kay's, Plum belongs to Di, Bobo is Mike's, and Hugh has always resolutely refused to bring the population up to five by exercising his right to own a cat.

He's going to have to talk fast to avoid having the Monster given to him as a Christmas present by his three children, who are almost as devoted to it as Melly.

Will Bible revision confuse even more?

Yet another translation of the Bible is now being prepared. This one, to be known as the Anchor Bible, is the work of Jewish, Roman Catholic, and Protestant scholars and when completed (two of the 38 volumes have already appeared) will have cost two million dollars.

Lots of readers wrote, arguing either for or against, when I criticised small bits of the new 1961 translation by saying, "In making those early translations early Christians probably had a tendency to call a spade a ruddy shovel. But those translations have been with us a long, long time now, and I wonder whether contemporary revisers, in their efforts to simplify, don't run the risk of complicating meanings still further by calling a spade a manually operated earth-moving device."

Well — here are two more bits for comparison. Genesis 1 1-5 of the King James version reads, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good: And God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day and the darkness He called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day."

Same verses, Anchor Bible, read: "When God set about to create heaven and earth—the world being then a formless waste, with darkness over the seas and only an awesome wind sweeping over the waters—God said 'Let there be light.' And there was light. God was pleased with the light that he saw, and he separated the light from the darkness. God called the light Day and he called the darkness Night. Thus evening came, and morning — first day.

If the original "spirit of God" is a mistranslation for what moved upon the face of the waters, why choose "awesome" to replace it?

Why not awe-inspiring, if that's the meaning the original Hebrew had? Or otherwise "awful" or "dreadful." All of those are modern words that everyone understands and uses. Awesome, on the other hand, is a sort of dialect word, used mainly, according to my dictionary, by early Scots.

I suppose you can't ask that all great scholars be great stylists as well, but speaking as a housewife without scholarship I find "awesome" awful!

Fragile... handle with Johnson's

Johnson's Baby Powder is the softest, purest powder in the world . . . specially made *absorbent* to keep Baby's tender skin smooth and chafe-free. What a comforting combination with Johnson's Baby Oil, the pure mineral oil with lanolin that helps prevent cradle cap and urine scald.

Johnson's Baby Needs...

For skin so delicate, only the gentlest care will do: Johnson's Baby Powder . . . Baby Soap . . . Baby Oil . . . Baby Cream . . . Baby Shampoo and Johnson's Cotton Buds.

BEST FOR BABY ... BEST FOR YOU

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Thriftiest in the big, big Family Size

Main meal or snack — food flavours liven with the zesty tang of delicious Coca-Cola. Serve Coke tall and cool from the big, big family size bottle — just right when there are four or more to share.

Serves 4 or more

things go better with Coke

DRINK Coca-Cola

COCA-COLA IS BOTTLED THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA BY INDEPENDENT BOTTLING COMPANIES UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.
"COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.
CX 1911

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TOFFEE-NUTS WIN PRIZE

● Toffee flavored with sherry, honey, or golden syrup makes a delicious crisp coating on all types of nuts to use as party nibblers over the Christmas season. This recipe wins £5.

A RECIPE for a coffee vanilla frappe, which can be served either as a light dessert or a drink, wins £1 consolation prize.

All spoon measurements are level.

SUGARED CHRISTMAS NUTS

Use various nuts, such as walnuts, almonds, brazil, hazel, and pecans. If using peanuts, prepare them alone. Before putting any nuts through the sugaring process, roast them in the oven until light brown. Then use one of the following coatings:

Sherry Coating: One cup sugar, 1-3rd cup sweet sherry, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 to 3 cups nuts.

Combine sugar and sherry in saucepan, stir over gentle heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to the boil, and boil until a soft ball stage is reached. Remove saucepan from heat, add cinnamon. Sprinkle in nuts, stir well until all are coated and coating becomes cloudy. Spread out on buttered plate and, with knife, push coated nuts clear of one another; leave them to harden.

Walnut Coating: Half cup brown sugar, ½ cup white sugar, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon butter, 1½ to 2 cups walnuts.

Combine both sugars in saucepan with milk and golden syrup, stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to the boil, and boil until soft ball stage is reached. Remove from heat, add vanilla, butter, and nuts. Beat the nutty mixture until creamy, then spread nuts on buttered plate, using knife or spatula. Separate nuts, leave to become candied.

Honey Coating: One and a half cups sugar, ½ cup honey, ½ cup water, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 3 to 4 cups nuts.

Combine sugar, honey, and water in saucepan, stir over gentle heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to the boil, and boil until soft ball stage is reached. Remove from heat, add vanilla and nuts, stir until creamy and thick. Place on buttered plate, separate, leave to harden.

First prize of £5 to Miss G. Edwards, 5 Cunningham Ave., Main Beach, Southport, Qld.

COFFEE VANILLA FRAPPE

Two pints clear strong coffee, ½ cup cream, 1 tablespoon vanilla, ½ cup sugar, whipped cream, nutmeg.

Combine coffee with cream, vanilla, and sugar; stir until dissolved. Pour into freezing-trays, allow to freeze until just mushy. Serve as a light dessert in tall glasses topped with a little whipped cream and a sprinkling of nutmeg or allow to thaw a little and serve as a cool drink.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. I. Lewis, 417 Seaview Rd., Henley Beach, S.A.

OUR LOW-CALORIE RECIPE

● Delicious enough for a party, our low-calorie recipe this week combines mushrooms and chicken livers.

FOR non-dieters, spoon the cooked livers over hot fluffy rice flecked with finely chopped parsley; and you can add half a cup of cooked rice to your own serving; this will be an additional 50 calories.

CHICKEN LIVERS VICTOR HUGO

One tablespoon butter, 1 clove garlic (very finely chopped), 1lb. chicken livers (cleaned and halved), salt and pepper, pinch ground cloves, ½ pint beef consomme, 1lb. mushrooms (sliced), ½ cup dry red wine, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 2 tablespoons cold water.

Melt butter in heavy frying-pan or saucepan, add garlic and livers. Cook slowly until no red juice runs from livers. Add salt, pepper, cloves, consomme, and sliced mushrooms. Cover, simmer 10 minutes. Then add wine and simmer further 5 minutes. Mix cornflour to a paste with cold water, add to pan; cook, stirring, 5 minutes. Serve immediately.

Serves 6; calories per serving, 165.

HOME HINTS

● Readers win £1/1/- each for these useful household hints.

AFTER washing white cotton gloves dip the finger-tips in thin starch. Where the glove fabric absorbs starch, it will not absorb dirt as readily.—Miss S. J. Kammerer, 12 Melba Rd., Lalor Park, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Wire window screens which rust will soon stain painted window-sills and sashes. To prevent this, paint the wire mesh with a mixture of turpentine and boiled linseed oil before fixing the screens. — Mrs. J. Hure, Railway Gatehouse, Butler St. Armidale, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

If you are sending a book by post, fold triangles of cardboard at the edges and the book will arrive without bent edges. — Mrs. D. Marriott, 23 Nepean Highway, Mordialloc, Vic.

★ ★ ★

To pick out-of-reach fruit: Secure an empty jam tin to a pole, cut out a V-shape at the top of the tin on side opposite the pole, then push tin up under the fruit so the sharp V shape edge will cut the stem. The fruit falls undamaged into tin. — Mrs. V. M. Bennett, 19 Fatchen St., Elizabeth Grove, S.A.

★ ★ ★

A simple nibbler for parties: Dip seeded raisins in beaten egg-white, dry a few minutes on a cake-cooler, then roll in sugar until well covered. Leave in a warm place to set and dry. — Miss L. Pryslipsk, 9 Meadows Ave., Benalla, Vic.

★ ★ ★

When making a household tool-board, place tools in their right position on the board, then spray the whole board and the tools with paint. The thin layer of paint will not harm the tools and their position on the board can be seen at a glance. — Mrs. Hilton, 11 Spencer St., Sebastopol, Ballarat, Vic.

Lattice Neapolitan

Deliciously sweet. Two Lattice biscuits. Light-hearted sponge with jam and cream. From Mrs. D. Marsh, Louisville, via Grafton.

Lattice Fruit Jelly

Luscious jellied-fruit squares, topped with cream or ice-cream. Sweet and simple. Sent in by Mrs. L. Hepple, Aspley, Brisbane.

Lattice Mince Pie

Traditional fruit mince, topped (and bottom-ed!) with Lattice biscuits. Very yummy. Mrs. C. Marriot, Elwood, Melbourne.

Take your favourite pie dish. Take sweetened stewed apples. And to top it all off Peek Frean's sweet, puff pastry biscuits, Lattice. Pop it in the oven, moderate heat. And that's a new idea for apple pie. And what a wonderful idea it is. Simply serve . . . and take a bow. May we make a suggestion? We'd love to hear your favourite Lattice idea. Please write. Miss Bromley, Peak Frean's, Box 113, Ashfield, N.S.W.

"All right!" he finally shouted. "Stop pounding at me! So I made love to her, and I'm sorry. How many times do I have to tell you I'm sorry? How many times do I have to tell you it won't happen again?"

With her stomach churning hideously and fury steaming through her, she said, "Not that it would make any difference—but do you intend to fire her?"

He said uncomfortably, "I can't very well fire her now."

"I'd say you can't very well not fire her now!"

"You just said it wouldn't make any difference."

"It wouldn't make me feel any differently. It wouldn't help make me accept it." She added scornfully, "I was just

Continued from page 27

curious to know how sincere you are when you say it won't happen again."

"I mean it," he said dully. "I told you that."

"Until the next time, you mean" she screamed. "I wouldn't ever live in the same house with you again!"

She had found out about it by the merest chance. She had gone to Philadelphia for a couple of weeks, to help her mother after her father's operation. His recovery had been rapid, and since she was impatient to be back with Steve she left sooner than she had planned.

Four years of marriage hadn't dulled any of her feeling for Steve. Oh, well, of course you get so you take a lot of things for granted, and maybe you don't vibrate on every level with the same intensity you did in the beginning; but it was still a wondrously vital and satisfying union. At least for her.

She took an early train and reached home before noon, when their three-times-a-week maid usually arrived. She hauled her suitcase into the bedroom. And then something out of place caught her eyes, and she went closer to examine it and saw the woman's wristwatch.

With suddenly chilled blood and pounding heart, she recognised it immediately. It had a Navajo silver and turquoise band that she'd remarked about the first time she'd seen it on Margaret Carson's wrist at Steve's studio . . .

She first met Steve when he came to the Cambridge Corporation, where she was then secretary to the advertising manager, to make arrangements for photographing some of the company's new products.

He had just opened his own studio, after two years with one of the best commercial photographers in the field. Riding high on a wave of euphoria, he invited her to celebrate the Cambridge job with him.

Before the evening was over they were sure they were meant for each other, and they were married six months later. Never at any time did they have a conflict of aims. She would keep her interesting job while he built up his business, and they agreed that it wasn't wise to have children until they were in a secure position financially.

Steve did all his own work the first couple of years, while they banked money for the eventual children and house in the country; but eventually, the presure of his work made it necessary for him to take on an assistant.

After her first meeting with Margaret Carson, she said to Steve, "Darling, how sweet of you to get someone I couldn't possibly be jealous of. I must admit I had a twinge or two when you decided to hire a woman, particularly in that intimate kind of setup you have; but I see now what you meant when you said you thought of her as just another of the men you were considering. So now I can relax. You think of everything, don't you, sweetie?"

"We try, Patricia, my love," he said. "We try."

MARGARET CARSON was a tall, thin Katharine Hepburn type, with none of Hepburn's beauty or charm. She went in for lank hairdos and bohemian dress and exotic jewellery, and after an occasional visit to the studio, when Patricia would see her hovering over Steve unnecessarily, flushing every time he addressed her, Patricia would sometimes rib Steve about it.

"You've got to watch her," she'd say, laughing, so secure in the knowledge that Margaret Carson was no threat.

Even with the evidence of the wristwatch, she found it almost impossible to believe. She spent the rest of the day, until Steve's arrival, in a state of sick, stunned inactivity. She couldn't even unpack her suitcase. He was no sooner in the door of the apartment than she faced him with it, and she finally wrung an admission from him.

He had taken Carson to dinner; they'd had several drinks; she'd missed her last train to Long Island; and he'd told her she could stay overnight at their apartment. At first, he told Patricia that he'd slept on the living-room sofa, but she kept hammering at him until he finally admitted his guilt.

"The least you could have done," she hurled at him, "was to have the decency to tell me the truth! Why did you have to lie?"

"Because I love you and because I couldn't stand to see you hurt. And because last night meant nothing to me. It just happened. I don't know how. But I do know that Margaret Carson doesn't mean anything to me. It's you I love. Please believe me, Patricia, darling."

He held his arms out to her, but she turned her back on him, flew out of the apartment with her still-packed suitcase, and went to a hotel.

She found an acceptable furnished apartment after a few days of searching, and now, four months later, she was still in it.

She supposed what she was doing was called living; but you couldn't prove it by her. After having been married for four years, how do you live without a man to shop for, to plan meals for, to discuss problems with, to seek advice from, to console and be consoled by?

How do you move around the city alone when for four years there always had been a man at your side — to summon taxis, to order meals when you dined out, to attend to all the public money transactions that are somehow embarrassing for a lone woman?

How do you sleep in an empty room after having become accustomed to your husband beside you? Of course she missed that part of her marriage dreadfully; but when she thought of her life with Steve in the good, lost days, there were so many other things — the companionship, the fun, the sense of working together toward a common goal. The less of all this had left great, gaping holes in her existence.

For the first couple of months after she left him the horrible stimulant of outraged anger at her betrayal kept her going. When he called her during those first weeks, she was incapable of talking to him. Choked by the knowledge of what he had done to her, she would cry, "Leave me alone!" and slam down the telephone.

Sometimes her work would be interrupted by the thought of some bit of cutting sarcasm to throw at him the next time he phoned. She would be in a fever of impatience for him to call, so she could destroy him with words she hadn't had wit enough to think of before.

When, after those first weeks, he didn't call, and didn't call, she began to think of writing to him. She composed elaborate, insulting letters, which she never mailed. Then, when he still didn't call, she invented pretexts for calling him, so she could drop the remarks into their conversation. But she somehow never could bring herself to the point of actually doing it.

Every week, she received a cheque from him. Simply a cheque in an envelope, with no note of any kind. She felt it put her at an unfair disadvantage, since it robbed her of any chance to accuse him of non-support and also offered her no words to rebut.

She nibbled disinterestedly at a fruit and cottage-cheese lunch and then decided to defrost the refrigerator. She cast out odds and ends of food, some of which had been nesting at the back of the shelves for weeks.

You didn't have the heart to prepare proper meals any more. On the way home from work, you'd pick up a frozen dinner or a delicatessen roast chicken, and if you closed your eyes, you wouldn't know which you were eating.

She wrapped the rubbish and took it to the incinerator. The halls were silent around her. No sound of the hi-fi in the B apartment or the television in A; no yapping of the little dog in C. Just blank, hushed quiet. The building seemed as deserted as if all

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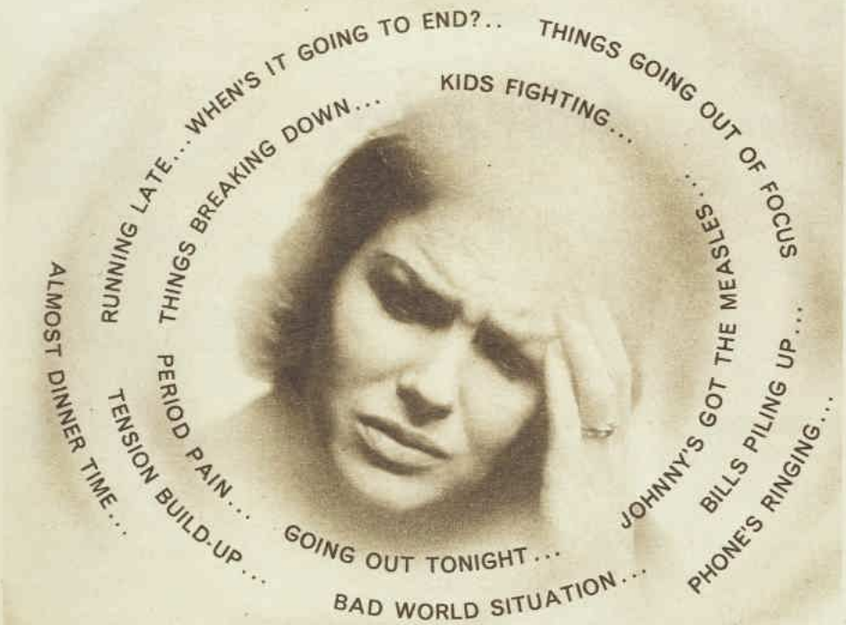
FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"Without faith, it is impossible to please God: for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."***
—Hebrews 11:6.

Get off the tension merry-go-round....



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Today there are the modern tranquillisers with hazards that are becoming increasingly apparent. A lot of mystery surrounds them.

But it should be borne in mind that tranquillisers are not the most readily available nor most appropriate means of tackling the problems and discomforts that occur in everyday life from tension.

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KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES 'N' FRUIT Best breakfast! Kellogg's Corn Flakes taste great with canned pears, canned apricots and canned peach halves, too! Try it tomorrow!

* REGISTERED TRADE MARK

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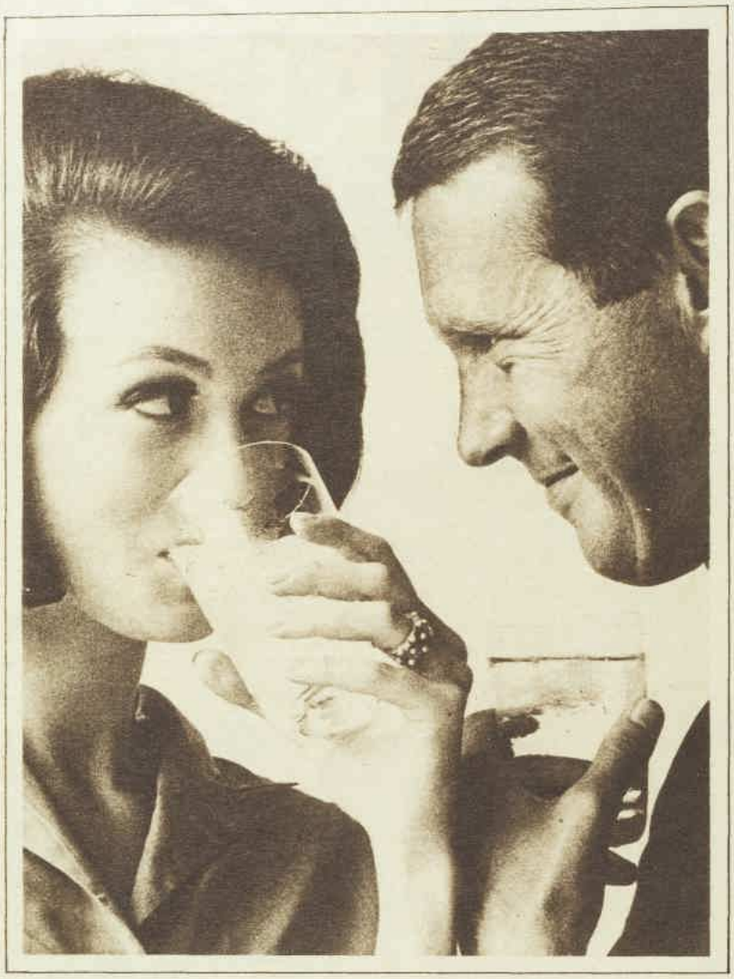

"Now that is a Gin & Tonic"
"That's Schweppesmanship"
"Schweppesmanship?"
"Simply the art of being a good mixer"
"Delicious!"

Schweppesmanship is not recognisable in a man by any outward sign. No badge. No armband. No password.

And yet, when you have mastered Schweppesmanship, your guests will know it—from the first sip.

For Schweppesmanship is simply the art of being a good mixer. A Schweppesman is one who mixes drinks with care, and the necessary Schweppes. He even fills a request for "something soft" with polished assurance, for he knows about Bitter Lemon, the adult soft drink invented by Schweppes for the mature palate.

In other words, it is not the spirit that counts.

You may have been a Schweppesman for years. If so, regard this just as a reminder to renew your membership. Check your refrigerator before you go shopping this weekend. Make sure you have Soda, Dry Ginger Ale, Tonic and Bitter Lemon.

For without Schweppes, there can be no Schweppesmanship.

Schweppervescence lasts the whole drink through.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 183. — SHIFT

Cute, easy-sew shift is available cut out to make in printed cotton — olive with white-gold and mint-green, spruce-blue with royal-blue and aqua, bronze with apricot and cream. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £1/11/6; 36 and 38in. bust £1/12/6. Postage and dispatch 3/- extra.

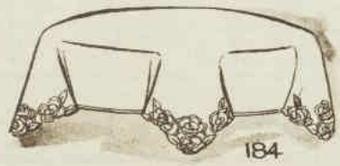
No. 184 — CLOTH AND SERVIETTES

This very attractive pure Irish linen cloth features a rose design and is available cut out to make and embroider in pink, blue, lemon, green, cream, and white. Serviettes are available to match. Cloth measures 36in. by 36in. and costs 19/11, plus 1/6 postage. Serviettes measure 11in. by 11in. and cost 2/- each, plus 5d. postage.

No. 185 — GIRL'S FROCK

Little girl's frock is available cut out to make in pretty rose-printed cotton. Colors are white with aqua roses and green leaves or white with pink roses and green leaves. Sizes 4 and 6 years 25/6; 8 years 27/6. Postage and dispatch 2/- extra.

● *Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 346/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*



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NOBODY'S EVER IN TOWN ON SUNDAY

had fled before the ultimate bomb.

She hurried back to her apartment, anxious to escape the deadness of the halls. She closed her door, breathing fast, double-locking it, fitting the chain into its groove. (Against what? The silent death, or non-life, that lurked in the halls?)

For a brief, hysterical moment, she thought of dressing and going down to the lobby, where surely she would find life. In that coldly air-conditioned, artificial-plant-bedizened area, there would be at least one human who hadn't fled the bomb — the doorman, standing stiff and bored at his post.

She gave a humorless snort of laughter and said to herself, "Are you getting to be some kind of nut? Maybe you'd better go out tomorrow and get yourself a cat or a dog for company. Or why not get a monkey and be really eccentric?"

She went through the Sunday paper again, scanning sections she never ordinarily bothered to read. Then she opened magazines, searching the contents pages and flipping through the pictures, finding nothing that appealed to her.

There had always been so many things she wanted to read. She used to say to Steve, "If we could only have one weekend completely to ourselves! I never get enough time to read."

So now there was plenty of time to read. So why aren't you reading? There are half a dozen books, sitting right over there, that you haven't even opened. Why not? You used to read every chance you got, snatching a few minutes here and there, groaning when you had to put the book aside, vowing that someday you'd let everything else go hang and just finish reading what you started.

And here you were, with a whole lonely Sunday to live through, with all those books to be read, and all of them might have had contagious diseases, from the way you avoided them.

It's wonderful to read when you're living, and impossible to read when you're dead. I'm dead. I'm as dead and vacant as these silent halls and rooms around me.

Well, that's putting it melodramatically, she said to herself. Maybe I'm afraid if I plunge into reading, escape into it, it will be a kind of giving up, a relinquishing of life for a substitute dream world. Or maybe it's just that I'm too restless, too mixed up to concentrate, too terrified of having life pass me by while I'm reading about it.

I used to love to read at night, when Steve was in the other bed beside me, sometimes long after he'd gone to sleep. Now and then, he'd wake up, even though I shaded the lamp so it wouldn't disturb him, and he would say sleepily, "Are you still awake?" And I would say softly, "Just a few minutes more, darling."

Why was it so wonderful to read in those days? Was it because he was beside me? Was it because I could reach out a hand and touch him, and if he was awake, say, "Oh, darling, this is so marvellous. Just listen?" . . .

On and off during the day, not very hopefully, she dialled one friend or another, and each time heard that lonely sound a ringing telephone makes when there's no one to answer it. Well, of course, nobody's ever in town on Sunday, she told herself.

THE sky remained a dazzling blue, offering no hope of clouds or showers. She thought of all the lucky people enjoying the fine weather. She thought of long-ago happy Sundays. She thought of Steve and Carson. At the beach? In the country, at some friendly little inn?

The rage exploded in her again, choking her, and she hated, hated, hated him for the cheat he'd turned out to be, for destroying all they had had together.

She got up suddenly, as if propelled by her anger, and went to the phone and dialled the well-remembered number. She didn't know what she would say if he answered, but she was pretty sure he wouldn't be in town.

When she heard his voice, she was momentarily stricken dumb. It couldn't be. She made a swift adjustment to the incredible, and then she said, "I didn't really expect to find you at home."

"Patricia?" He sounded startled. "Well, hello!"

The horrible thought struck her that Carson might be with him, and she said stiffly, "Did I take you from something?"

"Hell, no. I'm glad you called. I've just been loafing around, feeling sorry for myself. There's nothing worse than an empty summer Sunday in New York when you're alone, is there?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said offhandedly. "It's kind of nice. It's so quiet. And it gives you a chance to catch up on your reading." She cast about for something to say after that.

In the pause, he said lamely, "It's — been a long time."

She cut that short. "How's business?"

"Fine. Great, in fact. It's kept me hopping these past few weeks. I've been without an assistant, but I've got a line on a pretty good man now. Uh —" he hesitated — "Carson went out West to live about a month ago."

And all the past month she'd been picturing them together! A weight lifted suddenly from her spirit and then as suddenly descended again. Oh, well, there was probably someone else now, she thought. Once a cheat —

"There were some things I wanted to go over with you," she said coldly. "About our hospitalisation and other insurance stuff. If you're free to stop by for a drink later —"

"I'm free as a bird!"

"Well, plan to stay for dinner, if you'd like."

"Wouldn't you rather go out?" he asked. Then he added, with spurious joviality, "Less work for Mother, remember?"

It was the corny remark he had used every time he had suggested dinner out, and in those rich, secure days she had inwardly rolled her eyes at its repetition. Somehow, the words now held a haunting, nostalgic appeal. She stiffened then, thinking, oh, no, you don't. I'm not going into any old sentimental remember bit. Not now.

"I've got plenty of food here in the apartment that will only go to waste," she said. "Come about six?"

After she had hung up she leaned back in the chair, all at once exhausted. She let out a deep breath, expelling tensions that had been building up inside her for months.

Reaction set in. Now that the waiting loneliness was over, now that she was going to see him again, she began to question the wisdom of it. I'm a fool, she thought. I'll have to phone him right now and call it off.

She noticed then that her hands were unsteady and a kind of fine shaking was going on inside her body, as if a life-giving torrent were rushing through her veins.

I'm alive. I wasn't really dead, after all.

She got up, then, and hurried to the other room, stripping for a shower, thinking, heavens, but it'll be good to dress for a man again. Good to fix a meal for a man again. Good to be alone with a man again. Don't spoil it now, wondering how long it will last. Just be grateful to be alive again!

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RUN SCARED

Dilly plumped down a big sack of groceries on a table. "You're up. One of those pills knocks me out for ages. You must be tough."

"How could you have done that to me?"

"You'll thank me for it. There's hot coffee in the kitchen." Dilly gathered up the grocery sack and clicked away in her high heels through the dining-room. Martha followed.

Dilly was pouring coffee for her. "Cream? Sugar?"

"Neither. Dilly, you act as if—as if nothing happened—"

"Nothing did happen. Want some eggs?"

"I want my car key."

Dilly whisked eggs and milk out of a vast refrigerator. "I've been at Bascom Bay. I mean the village."

"Dilly! Tell me—"

"There's nothing to tell. I made the rounds, said I was electioneering, but they're all going to vote for Lem, anyway, so I gathered news—that is, there wasn't any news to gather. So you might look a little cheered."

"No news—"

"I went to the police station, no news of any accident, whatever, nothing. I went to the newspaper office—it's a small newspaper, but a good one. They all know me. I even stopped at the hospital—said I'd come to see old Braden, the caretaker. I know the nurses. No accident patient. You didn't touch anybody last night."

"I hit something. He went down in front of the car—"

"Then he had a drunk's good luck and fell between the wheels." Dilly began to beat up the eggs. "Or else scared himself into a faint."

"I felt it. I felt two bumps. Horrible—"

"There's a bank there, rocks fall down into the road, especially during a rainstorm. My guess is that that's what you hit."

MARTHA had an uneasy feeling that, again, Dilly was confusing her, making right seem wrong. She said slowly, "I don't think I believe you."

"I even searched the road. Last night I could see where your tyres had skidded. The rain washed away the marks during the night, but I had noted the place. This morning I stopped and looked all around the sides of the road, even in the woods." She put an iron skillet on the stove with a thump and poured eggs in it. "Jim Stenson came along and asked what I was doing, so I said I was looking for Stinky."

"Stinky—"

"The cat. When nobody's here he stays at the Stensons'. Jim stood there in the road and I had to go around calling 'kitty, Stinky, kitty.' I felt like a fool. Get some plates, will you? They're in that cupboard."

Martha got out two plates automatically. "We could argue for the rest of our lives about this. I know there was a man—"

"There's nobody hurt, nobody dead, no report of an accident, nothing. Good heavens," Dilly said flatly, "I should think you would be glad."

A bell buzzed and Dilly took her cup of coffee. "That must be the television man. Lem ordered a new television so we can watch election news." She paused to look thoughtfully at Martha over the rims of her sliding spectacles.

"It's been nearly twenty-four hours since you insist you hit a man. If that were true, you would already be liable for hit-and-run driving. That means a sentence and a fine. I'm not going to use any more strong-arm methods to keep you from running to the police with this story. But you will be no more liable if you wait till after the election. And I'm going to see to it that you do. Don't let the eggs burn," Dilly said and clicked out of the room as the doorbell buzzed again.

There had been a ratty-faced little man in a raincoat lying on the road in the red glow from the rear lights of the car. Martha had no doubts of that, but she did realise that her own shock could have deceived her to some degree. She couldn't possibly know how he had fallen, it had all been too swift and terrifying. Dilly must be right about that, though. If the car had touched him at all he had either leaped aside and then merely fallen from fright or his own drunkeness, or possibly, and luckily — oh, so luckily — he had fallen between the wheels. The two bumps, which in her sick horror had meant only one thing, could actually have been caused by a rock in the road.

But certainly Dilly was right when she said nearly twenty-four hours had passed since the accident. A little more time could injure no one — a little more time to think.

In the same instant Martha knew that again Dilly was exerting her whole strength to bring her around to another way of thinking.

Suppose Dilly was right.

Martha didn't let the eggs burn; she was making toast when Dilly came briskly back. "They're putting up a new aerial." She pulled two kitchen chairs up to the table and flicked paper napkins from a holder in the middle of it. "Sometimes we come up here for weekends," she said, crunching toast, "if it's snowy or if the skating is good. Or just when any of us want to. In the summer, of course, we have to have Chrissy and a maid. Winters we make out for ourselves. That suit looks as if you'd slept in it. I ought to have hung it up. But it was all I could do to get you to the sofa and get your suit off. Then you went limp as a cat, so I put a blanket around you."

Dilly bounced up to make more toast. She was wearing her grey country suit and an orange sweater; the suit was expertly cut, the sweater was cashmere; she wore a string of small pearls. She looked as if she'd bought suit, sweater, and pearls at a rummage sale. It was a curiously endearing quality, this faculty of Dilly's for turning any clothes, no matter how obviously expensive or how smart, into dowdiness. Dilly said mildly, "You do believe me now, don't you?"

"Y-yes. But I've still got to report it."

Dilly waited for a moment while the toaster ticked. "There wasn't a scratch on the car. I looked it over. You were upset and scared. The rain, the long drive, strange roads. You should have seen your face when you came in."

"It scared you, too."

"Of course, you scared me. I believed you but I thought I'd better make sure before we started up some wild"—Dilly looked at her over her spectacles — "and very dangerous rumor. Anything can start a rumor. Sometimes nothing at all starts a rumor. You're playing in the big league."

"You're exaggerating. You must be—"

"If anything, I'm softening it. I tell you I know politics. I've got some oranges here somewhere." She began to rummage in the grocery bag.

"But I thought—everybody says that Lem will win."

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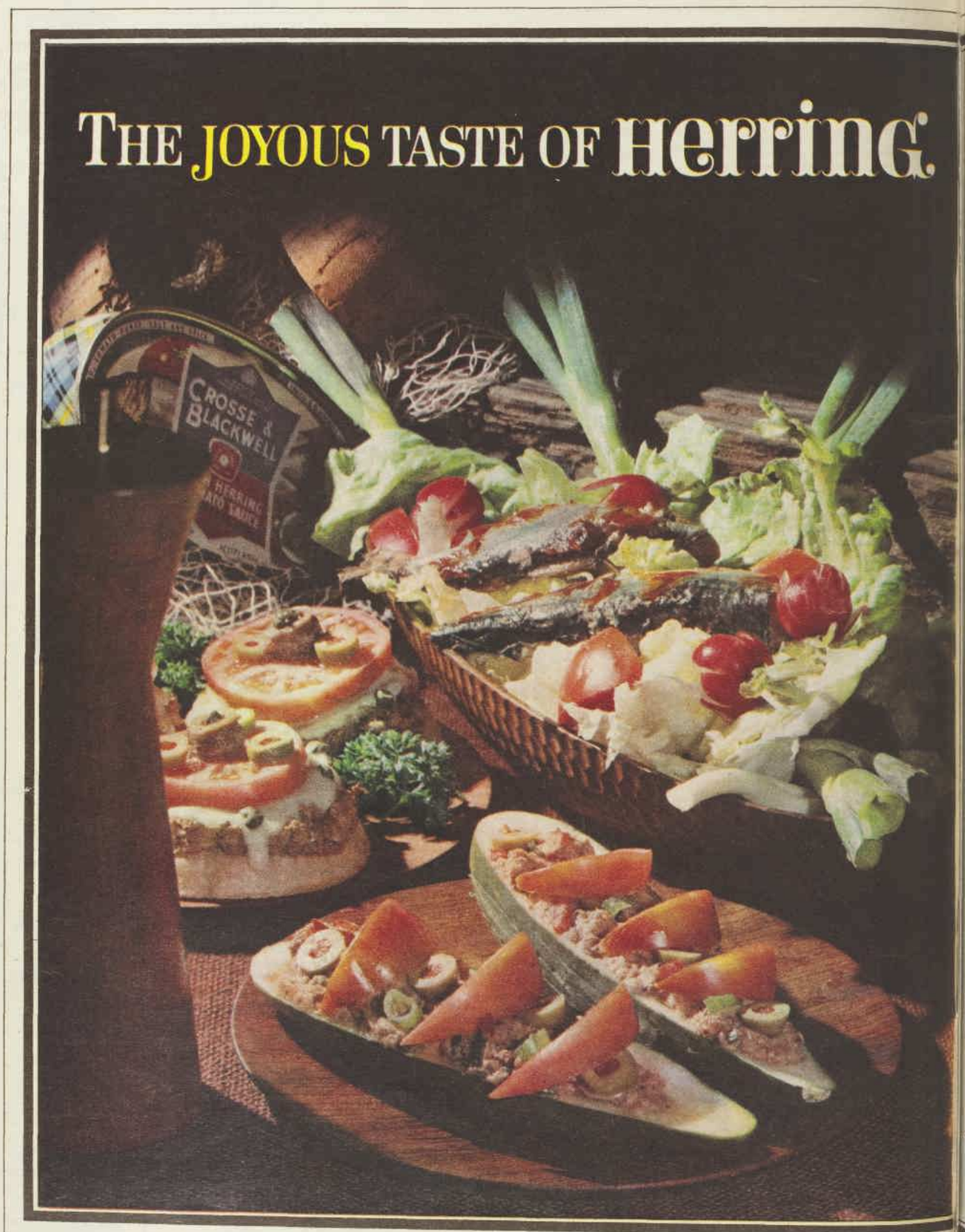

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Dilly gave her and the orange in her hand the same kind of impersonal look. "Lem is running scared. Huxton is running scared. Any candidate in his sense runs scared. You never know until the votes are in. And that's next Tuesday."

"You really want me to stay away from the police, say nothing at all, tell nobody at all about — about what I think happened till after Tuesday."

"That's about it. I'm glad you're beginning to see some sense. All right then, we're agreed. I'd better see what they're doing about the aerial. Lem speaks at four."

"I haven't agreed to anything—" Martha began and Dilly trotted out of the room. Martha felt as if she had been fenced into a corner by an expert swordsman and there was no way out.

But Dilly would have known, everybody in the village would have known by now if Martha had killed or injured a man.

That was the big, the important fact. Dilly's sensible investigation had wiped away a nightmare of horror and guilt.

Dilly's logic was almost irresistible. How could Martha injure Lem, perhaps irretrievably, when it twas not necessary?

She went into the living-room where, now, there were voices from the television. It stood, glittering with newness, at the left of the fireplace, facing the sofa. A chair had been pushed aside for it; wrapping papers lay on the floor. A man in a worn leather jacket was turning the knobs, flashing from one channel to the other, while Dilly sat on the sofa and watched.

Continued from page 50

RUN SCARED

"Oh, Martha—this is Bill Holcomb. Lem's wife, Bill."

The man in the leather jacket straightened up and gave Martha a piercing look from very blue eyes.

Whatever he saw seemed to please him, for he came to shake hands and gave her a friendly smile. "Lem and I are old friends. Used to go fishing together, swimming, all that. Sure glad to welcome you to Bascom Bay."

"Thank you—"

"We're real proud of Lem. First thing you know he's going to be President."

"Let's get him elected governor right now," Dilly said. "That channel's coming in better."

Bill Holcomb turned back to twiddling with knobs. Dilly said, "Any news around town, Bill? Any deaths or marriages?"

Bill Holcomb chuckled. "Only excitement is the election. The town's going to be full of newspapermen and television men on Tuesday. One of them's here already, staying at the Widow Grange's house. She's got all her rooms spoken for, for Tuesday; put in some extra cots and had some little cards printed, no drinking, no smoking." He laughed.

"She wasted her money." Dilly glanced at Martha and said mildly, as if idly, "What's the stranger like?"

Martha stared for a puzzled second at Dilly and then understood. What Dilly meant was, do you have any news of this stranger? Was he by any chance hit by a car? Has he by any chance disappeared?

She also had a swift, almost reluctant wave of admiration for Dilly's quick thinking. She had said only, what's he like; she meant, by any chance is he a ratty little man whom nobody would miss, nobody would inquire about?

Martha's heart gave a kind of plunge, but Bill Holcomb was answering, "Tall, thin guy. Black hair. Kind of pale and city-looking, snappy new clothes. The barber says he works for a magazine. There's going to be quite a do here Tuesday night. Some of them want a torchlight parade. My little girl" — he spoke with pride and tried to hide it — "Janey, you know — she's to present some flowers. She's got a speech to make, too, but my guess is she'll forget all about the speech."

"All that pretty girl of yours has to do, Bill, is smile." Dilly spoke with more warmth than usual and Martha was appalled at a question which shot into her own mind; was this the real Dilly or was it Dilly electioneering? She was instantly ashamed, for Bill said, warmly, too, "You remember everybody, Mrs. Downes. Like you'd lived here all your life." He looked up as the door opened and a boy of eighteen or so came in rather diffidently.

"Aerial's okay, Bill," he said.

Dilly introduced him, too. "Martha, this is Bert Parker—Lem's wife, Bert."

"Pleased to meet you," the boy said, ducking his head shyly.

"Bert is the sheriff's son," Dilly said to Martha. "I saw your father this morning, Bert. He said he hadn't had much business lately."

Bert grinned shyly again. Bill Holcomb said, "We're thinking about docking the sheriff's pay. Not enough crime around here. Well, there, Mrs. Downes. It's working fine. Any trouble call me, but there'll not be. Lem's to speak at four. Everybody in town will be listening."

He shook hands again with Martha. He waved at Dilly. He ushered out the boy, and said "good luck" as he closed the door.

Dilly didn't even say I told you so. She had slipped out of her shoes again; she padded across in her stockinged feet to turn off the television. "Your bags are over there, Martha, if you want to change your clothes."

"Dilly, you asked him about the stranger, the reporter—"

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FOR SUMMER ENTERTAINING!

Serve them salads, cool and crunchy, green with lettuce, red with radish, crowned with herring full of joyous flavour, Crosse & Blackwell Herring in Tomato Sauce! When friends drop by this summer clever-up some herring, versatile, economical, easy-to-fix herring, Crosse & Blackwell Herring in Tomato Sauce! Serve them herring plain (straight from the tin with a simple salad) or serve them herring fancy — see the recipes below. Yes, serve the joyous taste of herring — but make sure it's Crosse & Blackwell Herring (in Tomato Sauce or Scotch Fresh Herring!)

something different!

HERRING PARTY PIZZAS
(Illustrated opposite)

1, 7 oz. tin Crosse & Blackwell Herring in Tomato Sauce, 6 crumpets, 6 thick slices tomato, 6 stuffed olives, 6 tsp. parmesan cheese.

Sharp Sauce:
1 oz. butter, 1 tbsp. flour, ½ tsp. grated lemon rind, juice of 1 lemon, ½ pint milk, pepper and salt, 2 tsp. capers, 1 tbsp. caper vinegar.

Method: Melt butter in pan, add flour and make roux. Add lemon rind. Mix and gradually stir in milk until sauce is smooth. Cook for a few minutes. Season to taste. Add capers and vinegar. Toast crumpets. Spread herring over evenly. Pour sauce over. Place tomato slices on top. Sprinkle with cheese and garnish with sliced olives. Place under grill until brown. Serves 6.

HIGHLAND HERRING SALAD

2 oz. tarragon vinegar, 2 oz. oil, 1 clove garlic, 1-2 tbsp. parmesan cheese, 1 tbsp. capers, salt and pepper, 1 lettuce, 1 lb. tomatoes, 1 cucumber, 1 red capsicum, 2 sticks celery, 1, 14 oz. tin Crosse & Blackwell Scotch Fresh Herring.

Method: Combine oil, vinegar, garlic, cheese, capers and seasoning in screw top jar. Shake well. Pour dressing into salad bowl. Break lettuce into small pieces, place in salad bowl together with tomato slices, cucumber cubes, capsicum strips and celery curls. Add halved herring. Toss lightly to serve. Serves 6.

HERRING BOATS
(Illustrated opposite)

1, 14 oz. tin Crosse & Blackwell Herring in Tomato Sauce, 3 dsp. mayonnaise, 4 shallots chopped, 1 stick celery chopped, 1 tbsp. chopped capsicum, 2 cucumbers, wedges of tomato, stuffed olives.

Method: Cut cucumbers in half lengthwise. Remove seeds and a little of the flesh. Mash herring, stir in mayonnaise, add chopped vegetables. Pile into cucumber cavity. Garnish with tomato wedges and stuffed olives. Serves 8.

HERRING CELERY WEDGES

1, 7 oz. tin Crosse & Blackwell Herring in Tomato Sauce, ½ finely chopped onion, juice of ½ lemon, 1 tsp. tabasco sauce, ½ packet (2 oz.) cream cheese, 6 sticks celery.

Method: Combine all ingredients together except celery. Fill each celery stick with herring mixture and press 2 firmly together. Wrap tightly in foil and chill in refrigerator. Cut into 2" slices to serve as cocktail savouries.

PIQUANT HERRING DIP

1, 7 oz. tin Crosse & Blackwell Herring in Tomato Sauce, 2 tbsp. lemon juice, ½ tsp. salt, 1 tbsp. grated onion, ½ cup sour cream.

Method: Blend all ingredients except cream in blender. Mix until well blended. Transfer mixture into a bowl and gently mix in sour cream. Chill. Serve as a dip on crackers or as a sandwich filling.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL QUALITY FOODS

Like 6 other ways to clever-up herring? Look for the free Crosse & Blackwell recipe leaflet at your grocers'. (For summer entertaining!)

CB 1015 JCP

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Nov. 11

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ A major affliction of Sun and Jupiter could lead impulsive Arians into hot water. There could be trouble through friends on 13th. But 15th-16th favors romance and the gay side.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, tan, grey. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ No wish to jonah anyone—but Friday 13th could prove ill-starred for many Taureans. Those born May 11-13 bear the brunt of an aspect which spells loss and bad luck.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, green. Lucky days, Friday, Sat.

★ The star of love has been assisting you romance-wise, and still guarantees happy ventures, but 12th-14th could lead to mental strain, rash statements, faulty snap judgment.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

★ Two very sensitive spots in the Cancerian character—home-and-family and romance are pressured adversely, 12th-14th. You will have to guard against loss and emotional splurges.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, white. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ The 13th is unlucky, not because of the number 13 but because of much turmoil in the Zodiac. It could lead to lovers' quarrels and separations. Stick in the dull but safe rut.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.

★ Your sign is the most fated one for a time—in fact has been for years. You will need all that cool analysis and level-headedness to cope with a turbulent patch, 12th-14th.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ Despite a major horror stretch, 12-14th, your resilience can pull you through with minor abrasions. Your own star, Venus, is transiting her own sign, so use the offered romantic chances.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

★ This is one of the best times to carry through a crash programme—that is, normally. But conditions are hostile to many 12th-14th, especially career-wise those born Nov. 12-14.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ The 15th-17th is reasonably successful, but 12th-14th just downright unlucky. Check the urge to go off the deep end or paint the town red. Vet your correspondence. Caution!

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

★ Trouble at home and in affairs of the heart is writ in large letters, particularly Friday, 13th. You will have to bridle that trait of feeling blue and use your patience. The week improves.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, jade, gold. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

★ A lot of Aquarians have a lively interest in people, but 12th-14th will severely test their hope in human goodness. It is also allergic to marriage, partnership. However, 15th-16th favorable.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, blue. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ The main impact of the heavy, unfavorable influences could chiefly bear on you. The 12th-14th is a trying period, and accidents could happen through your being mentally out of kilter.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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if this is a dream don't wake me

I LOVE THIS color·glo WORLD

Like the kiss that woke the Princess in Fairyland, the touch of 'COLOR-GLO' will bring your hair magically to life. You feel and look more attractive. Your whole personality lights up. You've stepped into a new world—the 'COLOR-GLO' world.

The beauty of 'COLOR-GLO' is the hidden beauty of *your own* hair, accented with rich warm highlights. 'COLOR-GLO' is not a dye—it does not change the colour of your hair but adds to it. Adds a gleaming jewel-like screen of colour through which your natural hair shines. The result? True-to-natural colour!

Just foam it in like a shampoo. 'COLOR-GLO' does not dry hair—it actually conditions it, leaving it soft, lustrous . . . transformed. Colour lasts through several shampoos.

She's wearing Titian Gold—you could choose Black Cherry, Deep Auburn, Honey Brown, Molten Gold, Dark Brown Sherry, Amber Brown Sherry, Brown Sherry, Frosty Silver, Frosty Sapphire or Dove Grey.

For the sake of your hair—look to L'Oreal 'COLOR-GLO', 7/10 at chemists and department stores

FREE ADVISORY SERVICE

If you would like personal guidance on the shade of 'COLOR-GLO' you should use, send a 2" snippet of hair to Anne Bryant, Nicholas Marigny Hair Beauty Advisory Service, 699 Warrigal Road, Chadstone, Victoria.

NM23/0103

L'ORÉAL OF PARIS

'COLOR-GLO' is one of the internationally famous L'Oreal of Paris hair beauty products brought to you by Nicholas Marigny Pty. Ltd.

Nicholas marigny

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers queries about antiques.

● *Soup tureen*

Thirty years ago I bought a plated soup tureen at a mart. The markings are Toronto, SP Company, crown in the centre and 2121 beneath. I would appreciate any information. — Mrs. J. Worth, Bundaberg, Queensland.

YOUR soup tureen (above) is late Victorian, electroplated on Britannia metal and made in Toronto, Canada, about 1880 to 1890.

★ ★ ★

I have a very old meat plate in dark blue Willow pattern. On the back is written "Booths," Silicon China, made in England. Also these numbers, 925 100.

Could you please tell me how old this plate is and if the pattern is the original Willow pattern? — Mrs. M. Carbis, Mildura, Victoria.

YOUR Booth's silicon china plate was made about 1895-1905. The Willow pattern was first produced at Thomas Turner's porcelain works at Coughley in 1782.

The Booth's factory was established in 1742 by Enoch Booth, at Tunstall.

Late in the 19th century the firm's managing director, Charles Bowers, succeeded in reproducing a fine underglaze blue, similar to the indigo-blues which were fashionable in England during the mid-18th century. The Willow pattern is a transfer design.

★ ★ ★

I would be very interested if you could give me some information about my jug. It is cream, with heavy lines in gold and the flower design in autumn tonings.— Mrs. A. A. Robertson, East Brighton, Victoria.

THE attractive ewer-shaped vase below bears the mark of the Worcester Royal Porcelain Company Ltd., founded in 1862. However, judging from its style and decoration, it would appear that it was made between 1870 and 1885.

● *Ornamental vase*

Could you tell me the approximate age of this clock? It is in two sections and stands 18in. high. It has no name or number or marking on it. It was left to my husband by an aunt last year. — Mrs. H. Paul, Mundoora, South Australia.

THIS attractively shaped clock exemplifies a particular style of clock with porcelain or earthenware case surmounted on a plinth which became fashionable from about 1885 up to approximately 1910. The circular panels depicting figurines in period costume with a landscape background are transfer printed and colored. Clock cases of this type were made in England at Staffordshire, but also many were made in Germany and Austria. During the Victorian era the porcelain clock held pride of place on the mantelpiece, usually flanked with matching vases.

● *Attractive clock*

Good things come double —

like double-layer KLEENEX* toilet tissue

double softness
double absorbency
double protection

Because Kleenex is **double-layer** toilet tissue it gives softness, absorbency, strength, not possible in a single layer tissue. Only Kleenex **doubles** protection against skin irritation and infection. Pastel shades of pink, aqua, lilac and yellow or white.

Because health is worth more to you and your family than anything else in the world, buy health-protecting Kleenex 2-ply toilet tissue.

Look for the new cellophane-wrapped 2-ply rolls

*registered trademark Kimberly-Clark Corp. KK551

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"I wish you could stop thinking about that," Dilly said. She spoke with no irritation, no impatience, a mere flat statement of fact.

"I wish I could, too," Martha said, flatly and honestly. Should she telephone to the police — or the sheriff whose boy had just left — now? Should she wait a little longer, give herself time to consider all of Dilly's arguments?

She didn't know what to do. She took her two bags upstairs.

She wandered along the wide corridor until she found Lem's room; she was sure it was Lem's because there was a silver cup on the mantel, engraved Lemuel Bascom, with a date for some tennis match. Lem had come in second.

She had packed sturdy shoes, slacks, a warm country suit. It seemed an age since she had happily folded away the red suit and a

Continued from page 51

RUN SCARED

supply of sweaters and blouses. She hung up a dinner dress and remembered sitting at the speaker's table only three nights ago, listening with pride to Lem. She got into black slacks and a yellow sweater; she brushed her hair and her teeth and put on lipstick. Surely Dilly was right.

On the other hand the law was the law.

She looked around the room unconsciously trying to find Lem, for here was the room where he'd spent much of his life. Fishing rods, neatly cased, stood in a corner. Books were everywhere. She glanced at some of the titles — history, political science, history, biography, history.

There was a table radio, a telephone extension, and a leather-bound clock, not running. She wound it. There was a photograph of his mother on a table and several group photographs of himself and his brothers, one of them with two pretty girls who must be the brothers' wives, and Dilly, all in swimming-suits, with the lake as a background.

She must make up her mind.

But she hadn't killed a man.

Dilly must be right about that.

Martha was still consciously girding herself for another struggle with Dilly when she went downstairs. But Mrs. Stenson was sitting on the sofa, smoking, and Jim Stenson was putting logs on the fire. Dilly was at the telephone; Martha could hear her voice, raised yet still phlegmatic and mild. "—Archie Henshaw — no, Henshaw —" She spelled it. "Better make it a person-to-person—"

Ellen Stenson smiled at Martha. "We came to hear Lem's speech. We've got to have a new tube for the television and Bill Holcomb said he wouldn't put it in till after he'd listened to Lem's speech."

Jim Stenson got up, dusting off his hands. "Glad you found the way all right. Ellen said I was an oaf not to bring you."

"You offered to bring me," Martha said, and thought with a queer shock how nearly she had come to avoiding even the fear of disaster. It seemed remarkable that with only one word of assent Jim Stenson would have driven ahead of her; in the moments it would have taken for him to get out his own car the man in the raincoat would have already crossed the road, the whole nightmare would never have been. She went to the table where bottles and decanters stood; but Jim Stenson said, "I'll get the ice," and took the ice-bucket from her hands. "I know my way around this house."

Dilly's voice came from the telephone room, "Oh. Well. I'll put in another call later. I expect they've already gone to the rally."

She came into the living-room. "Ellen and Jim are—oh, of course, you stopped at their house on your way last night, Martha; you've already met."

"We have indeed," Ellen Stenson said. "We're the first Bascom Bayers to get a look at the bride. Except, of course, over the television." Her shrewd green eyes smiled and her fluff of red hair caught the lights. She plumply filled a worn skirt and flannel shirt and used an enormously long cigarette holder. "If you don't mind a point-blank compliment, Mrs. Bascom—Martha— you're as good in the flesh as on television."

"Here's your ice." Jim Stenson put down the ice-bucket. "Shall I be bartender? Let's see, it's bourbon for you, Dilly. How about you—may I say Martha? Can't call you anything else, you know. Water—soda? Oh, by the way, Dilly, you haven't been bothered by a prowler around here, have you?"

"A prowler!" Dilly said. "Why, we don't have any prowlers around Bascom Bay. There, that's enough, Jim. You'll have me standing on my head."

He handed her a glass. "Little pale fellow, big nose — reminded me of a ferret. Oh, Ellen, did that case of champagne arrive?"

"It did," his wife said smiling. "All ready to toast Lem."

Dilly put her hand on Martha's arm. It was a limp, nerveless hand, yet somehow Martha found herself in a chair. Dilly then picked up a box of cigarettes and offered it to her. Martha took one as if Dilly had mesmerised her. Dilly said, "Ellen? Oh, you have one, Jim?"

"Rather have my pipe. That is, if—" and turned to Martha.

"No, no, it's all right, Jim," Dilly said. "I thought I'd tell Lem you got here all right, Martha, but I couldn't get Lem, or Archie either. Our phone is connected now, but they had already gone to the rally. I expect Lem will call later."

She sat down on the sofa near Ellen. The blanket and pillow were gone, so Dilly had seen to that, too.

A prowler with a face like a ferret — a prowler with a face like a ferret. The words went around and around in Martha's mind and only Dilly's calm, blank spectacles shining Martha's way kept her from saying them aloud. Dilly said, "What's this about a prowler, Jim?"

Jim was lighting his pipe, puffing and struggling with it. Ellen grinned mischievously. "The country squire. He would really rather have a cigarette. He just thinks a pipe fits his role."

"I'm not a country squire," Jim said indignantly. "I'm a dirt farmer —" The pipe was finally lighted. His face was tanned; his tweed coat really needed the leather patches at the elbows. He gave his wife an indignant look. "It was when I was seeing to the cows —"

"Watching the farmer see to the cows," Ellen murmured.

"— and Ellen screamed. You know you did, Ellen."

"Well, yes. But there he was, ugly little face peering in my bedroom window. It's on the ground floor," she said explanatorily to Martha.

"It was just getting dark, raining. Ellen had the bedroom light turned on and it shone right straight out on this little rat—"

"Peeping Tom," Ellen said.

"So when she screamed I ran toward the house and there he was, running, but I got a look at his face, too. It was still light enough for that. Getting dark, though—it was only half an hour or so before you stopped, Martha."

Dilly looked at the watch on her wrist. "Five minutes to four. We'd better tune in." She rose and

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GIRLS ARE MADE FOR COLE OF CALIFORNIA.

Confessions of a Cole-crazy girl.

"I have to confess, dear diary, that I could never resist checks. So when I saw the checkerboard pattern on the crispy coolness of Dan River cotton in Cole's new Sliort 'N Sweet with its brief little bra and low-slung hip-rider shorts trimmed with a perky bow, I just flipped. I chose mine in Pink, but it comes in Yellow and Turquoise, too." The two-piece, 89/11. Pretty matching shift, 99/11.

Cole of California

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Continued from page 54

started for the television. "What did you do, Jim?"

Jim's bushy eyebrows went up. "Went for a gun, of course," he said with the utmost simplicity. "Ellen met me at the door and told me what he had been up to."

Dilly bent over the television. "Didn't you take a shot at him?"

"Well, not exactly." Jim Stenson looked a little embarrassed. "I ran out and could just see his nasty little raincoat humping over the fence there at the back, behind the shed. I shouted, but the fact is I couldn't bring myself to take a shot at him. So I shot into the air. Fact is, I'd snatched my revolver just because it was handy and I knew it was loaded. If I'd had my shotgun I'd have given him a good peppering."

"So you say," Ellen said fondly but sceptically. "Never mind, you gave him a scare. He'll not come to our place again."

DILLY had snapped on the switch and the television began to hum softly. "Didn't you phone the sheriff?"

"No, as a matter of fact I didn't," Jim said rather sheepishly. "You see, some people were coming for cocktails — you met them, Martha — the Barnes' and the Woodleys and that new couple that bought the old Harris place three years ago."

Martha nodded, remembering the friendly faces around the Stensons' hearth but not their names.

"Not exactly new any longer," Ellen said in her Greek-chorus effect. "Was it anybody from around here, Jim?"

"You're on the wrong channel, Dilly," Ellen said. "I think it's Channel Four."

"Nobody I ever saw before." Jim Stenson took a long pull at his pipe. "And I know everybody in these parts."

"Almost everybody," Ellen said. Jim gave her an exasperated glance and the look of light mischief flickered again over his wife's pretty face. Jim chuckled. "Okay, almost everybody. Anyway, he looked like a—a—hobo."

"Jim means that only respectable people live in Bascom Bay, so a window peeper has got to come from somewhere else."

"As a matter of fact, I mean exactly that. I wish I'd just winged him. He deserved it." There was an announcer's voice, then noise from a surging crowd, then the car itself came on the screen.

The camera focused upon the car, a group of men around it, policemen. Martha thought she caught a glimpse of Archie hovering near. Then the clusters of men moved toward a platform and went up some steps. She saw Lem's tall figure and square shoulders following another man who appeared to be about to introduce him, for he went to a table where there was a battery of microphones and Lem sat down on a folding chair behind him. The chairman began to speak. It was the usual introduction, exhorting and full of praise.

Jim Stenson grunted. "Now, we'll have the regular. Remember somebody's story of a political meeting where both candidates were present? Chairman said, 'Now we're going to hear about school reform, tax reform, highway reform, and old-age pensions—which of you two candidates wants to speak first?'" He chuckled and then suddenly sobered. "No, that doesn't fit this rally or any other one when Lem speaks—"

Ellen said, "Sh—here's Lem—"

Lem's face came into sharp focus. It was as if he had come into the room.

Martha leaned forward with a tightening in her heart. Lem had his notes in his hand, but mainly he seemed to be looking out over the mass of people he addressed. Presently Martha knew he'd forget his notes. In the sharpness of the camera's eye his face looked finer drawn, tired, very intent, and suddenly very serious.

There go the notes, Martha thought, and almost as she thought it he shoved his notes in his pocket, leaned over a little, and began

RUN SCARED

really to talk, as if he talked not to many people but to each single person listening there. Even over the television she could feel the increasing intensity of listening; there was a burst of applause, cut off sharply as Lem went on. Another burst of applause. Yes, they liked him; they always liked him. More important, they believed him. She knew, by now, the general lines he would follow, yet it was as if she had never heard him speak before.

There was no overt appeal to emotions, not the lightest touch upon the well-known strings which the professional orator can play so adroitly. Lem's honesty, his own convictions, his simplicity of speech and manner, his clarity of thinking, all of it was like a cold, clean wind that could clear out mistakes and find its way through blunders, but there was more in it than that. He was not a firebrand, she thought, he was a torchbearer, leading and lighting the way.

The governor had recognised this vision and ability of Lem's. The governor was not only a realist but an honest and dedicated patriot. He was too old to enter the presidential lists, he had gone as far as he himself could go in an active political career. He'd been himself a torchbearer, and now he handed over the torch to Lem.

Martha had listened, sitting on the platform near Lem, many times. She had always been moved. This was different. Perhaps it was because she could see his face

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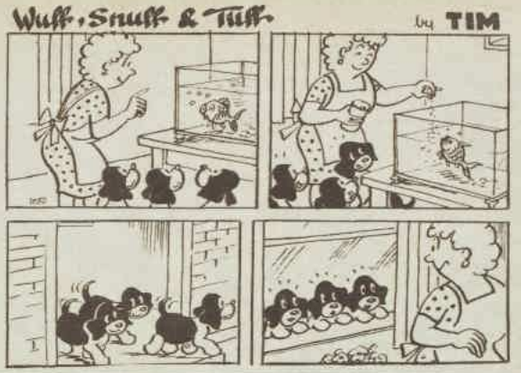
FOR THE CHILDREN



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Golden Days Salad

Simple sustaining summer meal—with the goodness of Kraft Cheddar

Protein is essential for happy, healthy activity in summer, when the family burn up so much energy. That's *why* they need the extra goodness of protein-rich KRAFT* Cheddar Cheese. When you give them KRAFT Cheddar, you know you're giving them the goodness they need. Serve it often.

GOLDEN DAYS SALAD

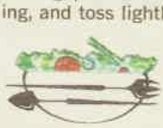
Ingredients: 1 lettuce; 8 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, cut into cubes; 4 medium tomatoes, cut into wedges; 15 oz. can Golden Circle Pineapple slices, drained; KRAFT French or Italian Dressing.

Method: Tear lettuce into bite-size pieces, and place in a salad bowl with tomato, pineapple and cheese. Chill. Just before serving, pour over French or Italian Dressing, and toss lightly. 4 servings.

*Reg'd. Trade Mark

THE GALLON OF GOODNESS

KRAFT Cheddar is rich in protein, vitamins and minerals because it takes a whole gallon of creamy milk to make every pound of this fine cheese. KRAFT Cheddar is a bargain in nutrition – available in 8 oz., 1 lb. and 2 lb. packs.

Serve health  **serve a salad every day**

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Calico cat that's simple to sew

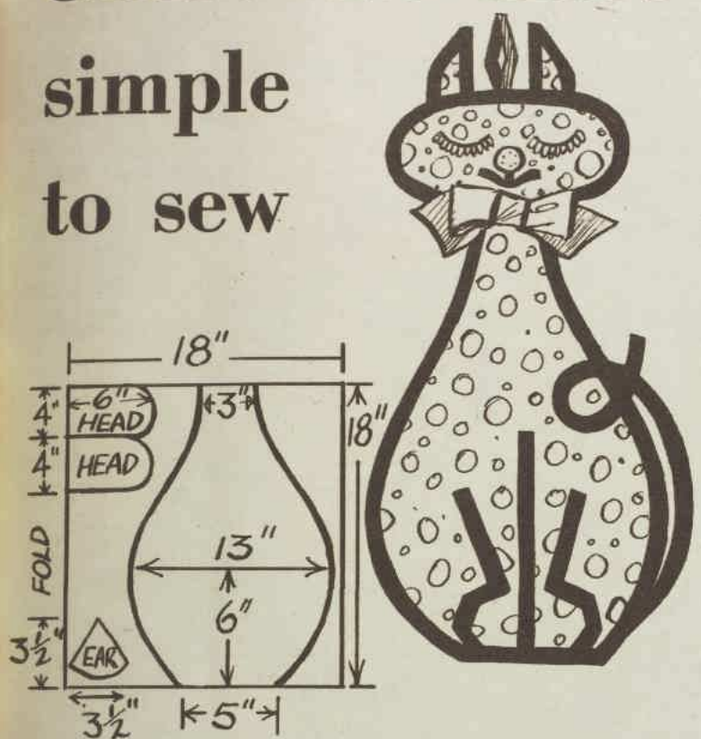


DIAGRAM at left shows how to cut out the various pieces. Sketch on right shows the finished cat with his appealing, impish face.

● It's as easy as child's play to make this pyjama or laundry bag from half a yard of material and various scraps of braid, felt, and a little stuffing.

YOU will find, most probably, that you have enough leftover pieces in your sewing-box to make this attractive but devilish-looking cat.

Not only is he useful — when he's full of laundry he can hang out of the way on the back of a door — but he makes a delightful soft toy, too.

Make him as a Christmas gift for a small child.

Materials: Half yard printed calico or glazed cotton; 5yds. bias binding; rick-rack braid for eyelashes; scrap black felt for nose; ¼yd. 2in.-width ribbon for bow; stuffing for head; pipe-cleaners or thin wire.

To Make: Cut out pattern pieces (see diagram). For front and back head sections cut out two pieces each 6in. x 4in. and round off the edges that are not on the fold.

To make each ear cut out a 3½in. square and then shape it as shown in the diagram.

The cat's body is 18in. long, 3in. wide at the neck and 5in. wide at the bottom edge and 13in. wide at the biggest part of its stomach, which is 6in. up from the bottom edge.

The next step is to shape the body as shown in the diagram.

Now cut a 9in. slit at the back of the neck and bind this with tape to make the opening for laundry or pyjamas.

Face: Shirr 12 points of rick-rack (i.e. the points forming the rick-rack itself) for each set of eyelashes. Take one head piece and to this stitch on tape to form a mouth and a piece of felt to make a nose. Shape the eyelashes and tack these in place.

Head: Stitch two head pieces together, leaving 3in. free. Stuff head lightly and then neatly oversew opening.

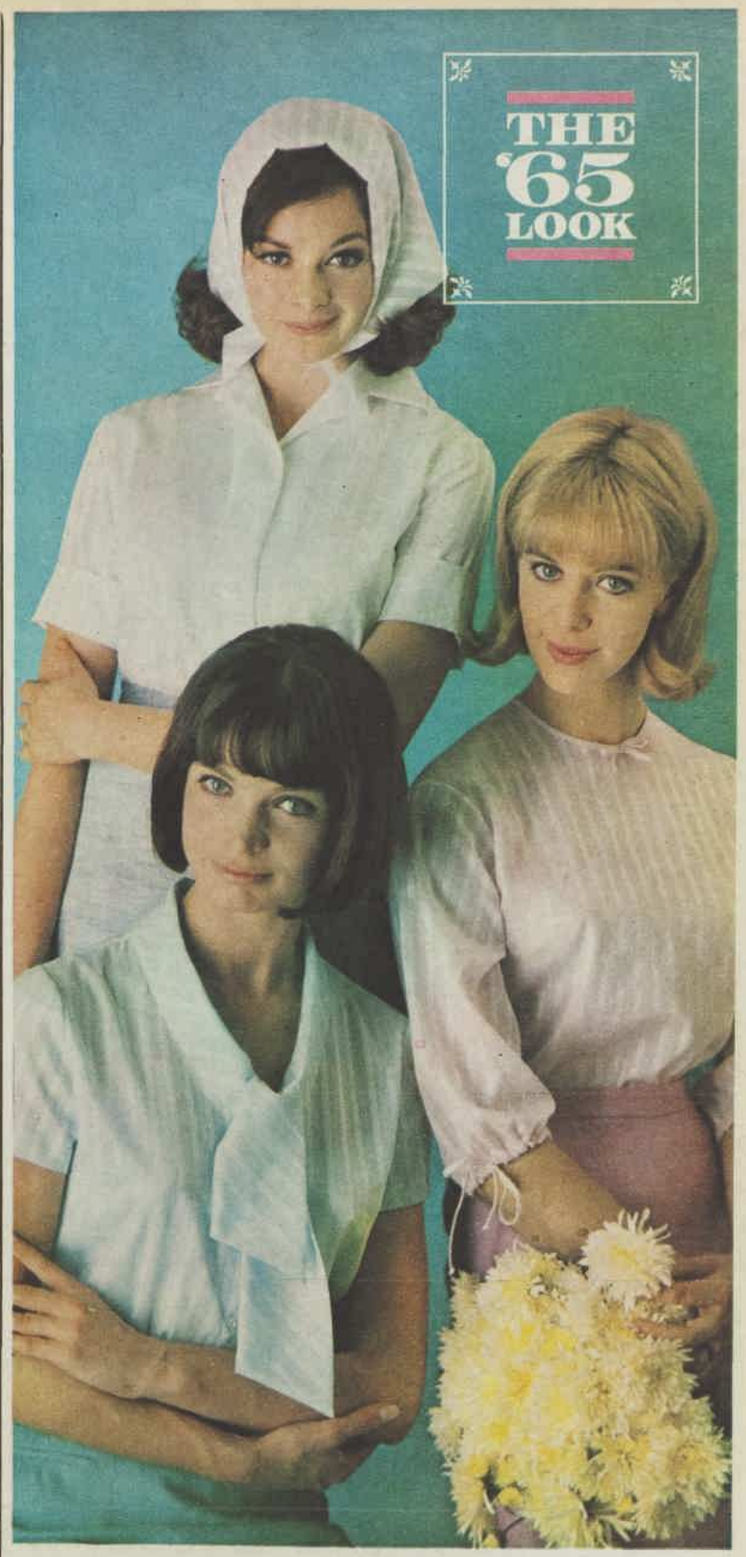
Body: Using diagram for guide, stitch legs and feet made out of bias binding on to one body piece. This now forms the front of the cat. Now bind front and back pieces together.

Ears: Bind and pleat the ears so they are shaped as shown in the finished sketch. Attach ears, body, and a 3in. loop of tape to the head. Make a bow out of the ribbon and stitch at neck.

Tail: Take 18in. of bias binding and stitch edges together lengthways. Into this insert pipe-cleaners or a piece of fine wire. Now tack the tail in place and bend and loop the tip as shown in the finished sketch above.

Using this basic design, you can also make other animals—a dog with floppy ears, a lion with a woollen fringe mane, or a white rabbit with long pink ears and a pompon tail.

PERFECT addition for a child's bedroom, cat pyjama bag can also make a cuddly toy.



Look again — the stripes are satin!

THE '65 LOOK

Satin makes a daytime debut in these sugar-and-spice blouses by Lady Pelaco. Sweetly styled in finest voile, self-striped with matching satin, they're certain scene-stealers for '65. From only 39/11

Lady Pelaco

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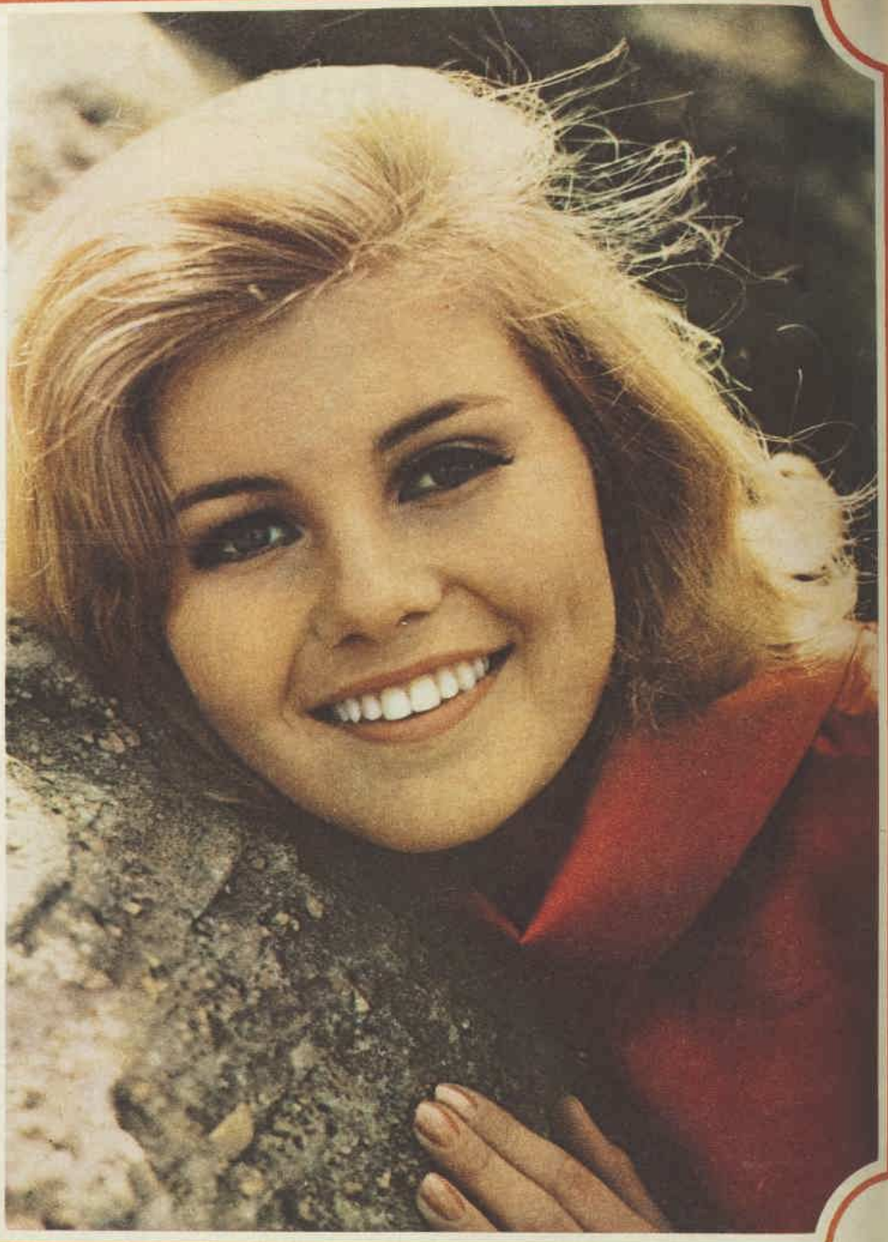

It's that radiant Wisdom smile!

Now Julie's doing TV commercials, parades, magazine covers... everybody wants that Wisdom smile!

Just a few weeks ago:

17-year-old Julie Wisdom was just starting out as a model when Wisdom asked her to appear on a Wisdom toothbrush page. But she wasn't chosen from a hundred other models *because* her name was Wisdom (though this was certainly a remarkable coincidence). She was chosen for her smile — vivid and dazzling, with white perfect teeth.

"And I do use a Wisdom!"

As it turned out, Julie herself has used Wisdom toothbrushes for a long time. "My dentist told me you have to look after your gums as well as your teeth," Julie pointed out, "and Wisdom has special bristles that gently massage your gums as you clean."

Everyone saw that smile

When Julie appeared on the first Wisdom page, naturally there was a close-up of her radiant smile. And from that point on, she hasn't had a minute to spare in her modelling career. Everyone wants to use that Wisdom smile!

Lights, camera, action!

She's in TV commercials, is doing lots of fashion parades, posing for magazine covers and inside pages — she's one of the busiest young models in town. All in a few smile-packed weeks! And what a *lot* she owes to her Wisdom smile.

Do you use a Wisdom? It's truly the best brush; and where your smile is concerned, only the best is good enough for you.

2 Wisdoms to choose from:

Wisdom Flextron with twice the bristles . . . to massage your gums as you clean your teeth.

Wisdom Regular with super nylon bristles that stay germ free and hygienic.
P.S: *There are cute Junior Wisdoms for children, too.*

For healthy teeth and gums choose the best brush . . . a Wisdom by Addis AD153

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Handsome containers add charm to the garden

PICTURE taken at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Hole, Pymble, N.S.W. The azaleas include "Comtesse de Kerchove," "Rose Queen," and "Christmas Pink." All are suitable for tub culture and are long-flowering. Plant azaleas in spring when in flower.

• Plants grown in large outdoor pots, tubs, or troughs give a gracious touch to the scene

OVERLEAF:
More plants and containers

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Step ahead with Westinghouse

Exciting news for housewives!

White hankie test proves new oven never gets dirty

Watch this revolutionary new Westinghouse oven rotisserie-roast a succulent dinner. Then take your finest hankie and wipe the oven walls with it. You'll find the hankie still so spotlessly clean you'll be quite happy to replace it in your purse for personal use.

It's a modern miracle you may want to see to believe—and your Westinghouse retailer will gladly arrange for you to do so.

In this exclusive major "break-through," Westinghouse designers have achieved the most dramatic development in clean cooking since electricity and gas took over from the fuel stove . . . a rotisserie-roaster that is completely "spatter-free"; that browns vegetables; that roasts all meats—lamb, beef, veal, pork or poultry—yet never soils the oven and does all this so beautifully you'll forget baking dishes along with the chore of cleaning out a goo-ey oven. Big trade-ins and easy terms available at your Westinghouse retailer now!

POINTS OF OUTRIGHT SUPERIORITY IN ALL NEW WESTINGHOUSE RANGES

THEY'RE THE FASTEST. Australia's only ranges with a 1600 watt 6" hotplate that will boil 2 pints of water in only 6½ minutes—40% faster than other hotplates of similar size. Corox hotplates are made only by Westinghouse and are renowned for speed and trouble-free performance.

PERFECT HEAT CONTROL. Westinghouse heat control switches give any degree of heat on any hotplate, from the gentlest simmer right through to full power boiling, and all in a matter of minutes.

EXCLUSIVE BOILER GRILL. Exclusive 2700 watt split boiler grill is the most powerful on any range in Australia. This extra power ensures superb grilling without the need to raise the grill pan for thin cuts. Better and faster griddle grilling and boiling on the top side, too.

THEY'RE THE CLEANEST. All rounded corners and smooth surfaces, plus a hinged oven element, make Westinghouse ovens easy-to-clean. In fact, Westinghouse ranges are easy-to-clean throughout. Lift-up hotplates, removable dress rings and spillage trays—the dished hob and special stain-resistant titanium porcelain enamel finish are features you will really appreciate.

Choose from these Westinghouse models:

Upright

PAE 224 Fully Automatic with rotisserie	£168 5 0
PAE 223 Fully Automatic	£141 0 0
PAE 222R Minute minder and rotisserie	£141 0 0
PAE 222 Minute minder	£121 0 0
PAE 221 Standard model	£99 10 0

Elevated

PCE 424 Fully Automatic with rotisserie	£179 17 6
PCE 423 Minute minder	£148 19 0
CABINETS	£16 15 0

Prices slightly higher in some areas.

You can be SURE if it's

Westinghouse

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Containers in the garden

PLANTS ARE ADAPTABLE

By R. H. ANDERSON

I THINK that most garden plants, if they could express themselves, would say that, for a way of life, they would prefer to be among their kind under natural conditions and with the good deep earth beneath them.

But to give pleasure to man and to work out another line of destiny they permit themselves to be confined in containers, where at least they have the benefit of individual attention.

Plants in containers are specially useful where gardening space is limited, but even in larger gardens they can be used with advantage on patios and around the house.

They may be moved about to give the best effect and to provide suitable sites as conditions change. Most can be transplanted to the garden if desired, the containers serving as nurseries for advanced plants.

Remember that the containers' size, shape, and color are just as important in the general effect as vases in flower arrangements.

Drainage holes should be covered with concave pieces of broken pots or tiles, and a layer of coarse gravel, charcoal, coke, or similar material placed on top. This in turn is covered with half-rotted leaves or grass-clippings to prevent the soil from dropping into the drainage.

Potting mixtures vary, but a good serviceable one is two parts garden loam, one part sand, and one part peat or similar substance.

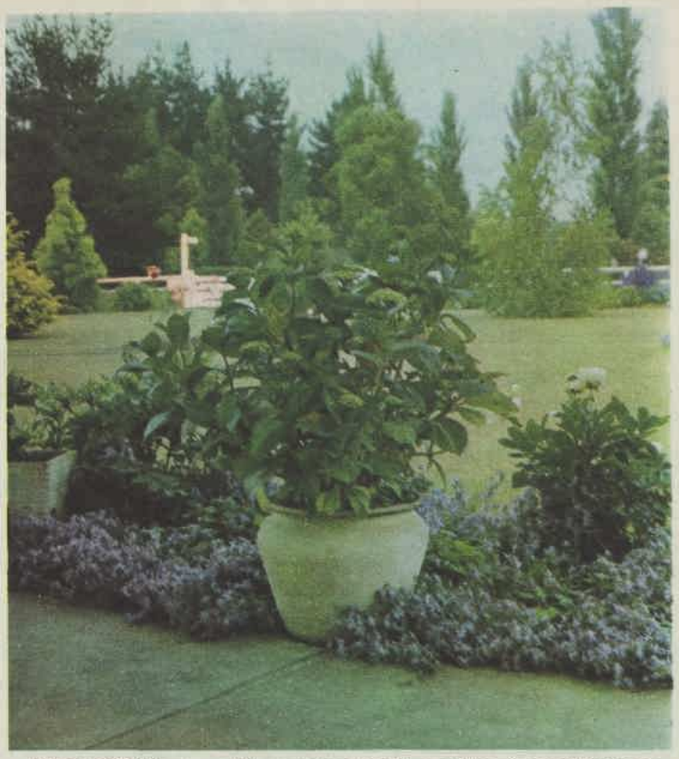
A more recent development is the use of a simple mixture of sand and peat moss, which merely provides a rooting medium, the nutriments being added by a complete fertiliser which is followed up by further regular applications.

Advantages claimed for this method are that all drainage problems are overcome and fertilising is regular and uniform. More watering, however, is required.

Watering is most important, as containers easily dry out in hot and windy weather. Water gently from the top, or, if desired, from the bottom, by placing the container in a pan of water. Mulching the surface with one or two inches of well-rotted animal manure, compost, or grass clippings is always beneficial.

The plants need regular fertilising, as the nutriments can easily be leached out of the soil. An application of a general fertiliser every two or three months during the growing season is usually sufficient.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 103



HYDRANGEAS grow well in containers. For blues, add a mixture of four parts aluminium sulphate and one part sulphate of iron at the rate of 4oz. to a four-gallon tin of soil. For pinks, use sand and well-rotted cow manure or compost with a little lime. Picture taken at the Bowral, N.S.W., home of Mrs. E. Dupain. Attractive trailer is Campanula poscharskyana.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 104

CUMQUAT is a delightful sight, especially when laden with its miniature orange-like fruits, which can be eaten or made into crystallised fruit. Other citrus plants, including mandarins, oranges, and grapefruit, can be grown in containers. Plant in April for best results. This pot photographed in Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Moses' garden at Palm Beach, N.S.W.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 105

CONTAINERS at Mr. and Mrs. H. Sutton's garden at Bowral, N.S.W., contain liliums and seedling Marhigo irises. Marhigos will not tolerate lime in any form. An ideal position is along the banks of a stream or pond or in a badly drained garden position. Liliums are usually easy to grow in containers, with a light, acid soil, and do well in semi-shade or sunlight.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 106 CONTINUED OVERLEAF

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NEW FROM HEINZ

three easy ways to give your salads new heart

Summer's the time for salads — and now Heinz makes them more exciting for you in three delicious ways. You get the tasty goodness of spring-fresh vegetables in every mouthful . . . deliciously mingled with chicken, ham or tuna and blended with mayonnaise or dressing. Serve them often with salads, cold meats or as an extra vegetable to bring simple meals to life. And there's no work or worry — you simply open the can and serve them straight on to the plate.

VEGETABLE SALAD WITH CHICKEN. Garden-Fresh vegetables with chicken pieces, in mayonnaise dressing.

VEGETABLE SALAD WITH TUNA. A delightful combination of fresh vegetables and tuna in mayonnaise dressing

POTATO SALAD WITH HAM. Diced potatoes in salad dressing, liberally garnished with ham pieces.

THESE TWO FAVOURITES MAKE 5 IN ALL

With these ever-popular favourites, Heinz Potato Salad and Heinz Vegetable Salad, there are now 5 delicious Heinz salad varieties in all.

HEINZ SALADS 57

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

CONTAINERS IN THE GARDEN — continued

BEGONIAS are among the hardiest and handsomest plants for containers, and there are many species. They do best in partial shade, and need regular watering. This example is Begonia evanesiana (picture taken at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Challice, Palm Beach, N.S.W.).

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 107

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

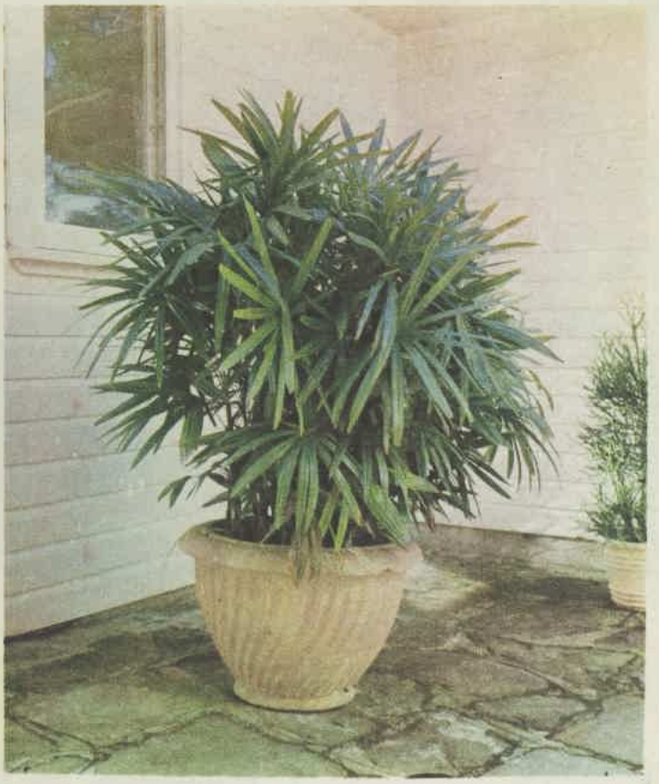
TROUGH (right) of camellia-flowered begonias, grown by Mr. Roy Stearman, Brookvale, N.S.W. These dainty dwarfs do well out of doors in coastal areas.

POLYANTHUS (left) does best in a cool, sheltered, partly shaded position, and responds to liquid fertilisers. Liming is desirable. Plant in spring. Picture taken at the home of Lady Lloyd Jones, Woollahra, N.S.W.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 108

GERANIUMS are the universal plant for growing in containers. Old-fashioned sorts and the many modern varieties give a bewildering choice of color and form. Plant in spring and autumn for best results. This picture was taken at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Wood, Bargo, N.S.W.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 109



RHAPIS EXCELSA (lady palm) makes a good tub plant, producing many slender stems in graceful clusters. Others in the great family of palms are also suitable for growing in outdoor containers. This picture was taken at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Moses, Palm Beach, N.S.W.

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directly, almost as if he spoke only to her. Certainly it was different because she was weighing so heavy a question in her heart. Lem? Or a scruple of conscience on her own part, which in Dilly's view was only that?

Lem stopped at exactly the right moment, and the shouts and roar of approval boomed out from the television. She caught one glimpse of his suddenly flashing, youthful grin. Then he disappeared behind the people swarming up and over the platform and the broad backs of policemen trying to keep order.

The announcer's face came back on the screen. Jim got up, strolled across, and clicked off the television. There was a curious, almost awed moment of silence. Finally Ellen said, "I need another drink, Jim." She was dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief.

Continued from page 55

RUN SCARED

Jim gave an abrupt laugh. "No need to weep. But he was damn good, I'll say that."

"I'm not crying. I just—got carried away. Really." Ellen sniffed, laughed a little, and wadded up her handkerchief. "I guess I just didn't know that Lem had it in him."

Jim leaned over to pat her head and took her glass to the table. "I knew," he said gruffly over his shoulder. "Always knew. Even when we were kids." He cleared his throat. "I see now that he's been waiting for just the right moment to run for office. Timing is the thing. A born politician—"

"Lem's no politician," Ellen said. "That's not a dirty word." Jim gave Ellen her glass and began to struggle again with his pipe, which had gone out while he listened. "Still, it has a kind of invidious sound. Anyway he's a born"—he frowned, hunted for a description—"leader—"

"That's not a bad sound, too," Ellen said, with the glint of mischief back in her face.

Dilly said, "He really was good tonight. I was afraid of hecklers. You can never tell about a street rally."

"He can manage hecklers," Jim said. "I see you got Stinky back."

Martha followed his gaze. The cat had appeared from nowhere and was edging around the television, eyeing its newness. "Quite a character, that cat," Jim said to Martha. "Where'd you find him?"

Dilly didn't move. Martha looked straight into Jim's eyes and heard herself say coolly, "Oh, he was here all the time."

Jim chuckled, as if applauding the cat.

Martha thought, surprised at herself, wasn't it Bismarck who said, "Tell the truth in order to deceive?" She had told Jim the simple truth and she had calmly deceived him as to the purpose of Dilly's search through the woods. And in speaking those few casual words Martha had made up her mind.

Right or wrong, she had decided not to report the incident of the previous night. And right or wrong she was going to stick to her decision.

There was no expression whatever in Dilly's face.

"That Stinky," Ellen said "We feed him all winter and look at him now. Acts as if he'd never seen us before."

Jim laughed. "He knows this is his home. Funny, don't know how he knows it, but the minute anybody's expected here, there goes Stinky, that great striped tail waving down the road. We don't see him again till you leave. Then he turns up on our doorstep and walks straight in. Doesn't even act as if he'd apologise. Come over here, Stinky."

THE cat looked at Jim's inviting hand coolly and took his favorite route to a chair, a table, then the mantel, where he sat down and shut his eyes, very bored.

"The trouble with Lem," Ellen said thoughtfully, "he's not a dirty fighter. John Huxton is a mean fighter. Everybody knows that."

"Lem's okay in the clinch. Besides" — Jim's face brightened — "Huxton's got no handle to attack Lem. There's just nothing he can rake or scrape up to use against Lem."

"He does his best," Dilly said. "Inexperience — the Bascom name."

"Bascom name can't hurt him. Good for him," Jim said bluntly.

Ellen rose and buttoned up her leather jacket. "Do you want Jim to bring in some more wood?"

"I think there's plenty. Anyway, the furnace is going." Dilly had slipped out of her tight shoes again and looked very small as she stood beside big Jim Stenson.

Both Jim and Ellen shook hands warmly with Martha. "I expect you're very proud of Lem," Ellen said. "So are we all."

"Well, now — now," Jim said heartily. "Lem's proud of Martha! You ask me, he couldn't have picked a finer wife. Pretty, too." He gave Martha a huge wink and Ellen rapped him smartly on the back.

"When Jim Stenson's eyes don't brighten at the sight of a pretty girl I'll know that the end is near. Come on, Jim."

"I picked a pretty girl, didn't I?" Jim said gallantly.

At the door, though, he paused, looking a little troubled. "See here, Dilly. That prowler — You two girls alone here."

"Oh, we're not afraid. Thanks all the same."

"That prowler is in the next State by now," Ellen said. "If he got a look at Jim with the revolver in his hand, he's still running. Don't try to scare the daylights out of them, Jim."

"No—well—didn't mean that, of course. Now, your phone is connected all right. Just give us a blast any time you feel like it. Don't forget to lock the doors tonight."

Dilly closed the door after them.

"I like them," Martha said.

Dilly nodded. "Good friends of Lem's. Jim seems a little stupid and thickheaded—"

"I didn't think so."

"Well, he's not got what anybody could call a very brilliant intellect. But everybody likes him, respects him. That was a better rally than I expected. Four o'clock in the afternoon is a bad hour. I told them to try to arrange it for five or five-thirty."

"Why?"

"Because men don't come off work so early as a rule," Dilly said, as if she were explaining the a.b.c. "It's better to allow a little time for them

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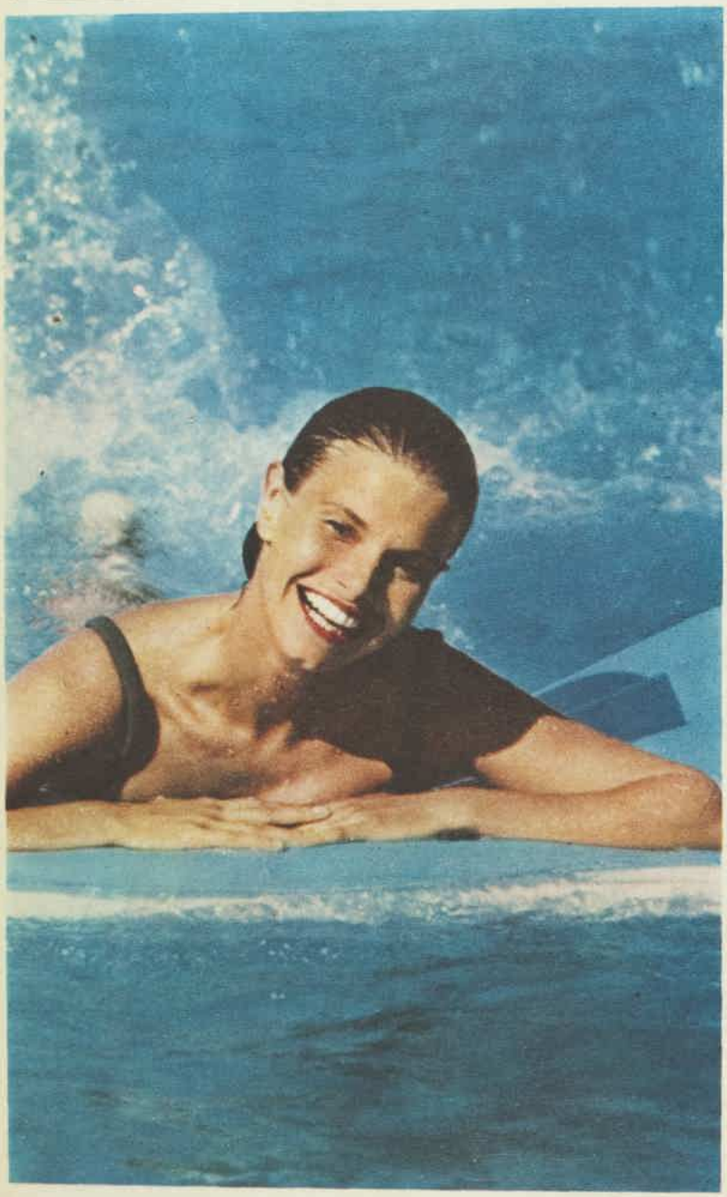

swimming...or strolling...

YOU FEEL THIS COOL, THIS CLEAN, THIS FRESH WITH TAMPAX

Gliding, riding through the cool, blue waves—or merely pausing by a shadowed, reflective brook, the Tampax feeling is the same: you're never aware you're wearing it. No wonder millions have found freedom, joy, poise, confidence through Tampax. Worn internally, it's the modern way.

TAMPAX ...so much a part of your active life

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Give her the world's most complete food mixer:

Sunbeam Mixmaster

Give the one she's set her heart on, for the **more** ways it will help her, every day. Only the world's finest mixer has all the features she needs. Full range of 12 mixing speeds (and an ultra-powerful motor to back them up). Bowl-fit beaters match the two heat-resistant bowls which revolve automatically — mix more evenly. "No-hands" mixing. Detachable motor, perfect for portable off-the-stand mixing of sauces, frostings and for extra large mixtures. Automatic easy beater ejection for quick clean-up after use. Complete with a really fast fresh-fruit juice extractor. (Meat and food mincer and Blender attachments available). Give Sunbeam Mixmaster — or choose from one of these famous Sunbeam gifts:

Sunbeam handy Beater-mix
The food mixer designed for smaller quantities. Folds, blends, stirs, mixes, beats and whips. Two bowls.

Sunbeam automatic Deep-fry Cooker
2 appliances in 1. A deep fryer and an automatic cooker. Removable Automatic Control, Vented Lid, big deep Fry Basket.

Sunbeam fabulous Spray Iron
The ultimate in irons. Smooths away the most stubborn wrinkles with a fine spray mist of water ahead as you iron.

Give leisure... give pleasure... give Sunbeam

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to gather. However, it went off well. Bill Holcomb left a television program somewhere. Here it is." She adjusted her glasses and peered at the little magazine. "Yes, John Huxton speaks at eight. We'll have to listen. I want to know what he makes of Lem's speech this afternoon." The telephone rang.

Dilly didn't even look up. "That'll be Lem. You'd better answer.

Martha ran to the telephone. "Hello—hello—" she cried into it.

A woman's voice spoke. "Mrs. Downes—oh, no, that's not her voice. Is this Mrs. Bascom?"

"Yes, yes—"

"Your husband wants to talk to you, he's on the line. Mrs. Bascom, you tell him from me he was great —"

Lem's voice cut in. "I heard that. Thanks." The operator giggled and the line clicked as she cut out.

"Lem! She was right. You were great."

There was a hubbub of sound behind him, men's voices, the clamor of a typewriter. "Did the new television get there all right?" he shouted above the noise.

"Oh, yes, yes. We all listened. The Stensons were here, too. It was wonderful—"

"I can't hear you." She knew he had turned to speak over his shoulder. "Pipe down, you— I'm talking to my wife. What did you say, Martha?"

"I said you were wonderful."

"Prejudiced?"

"You've got my vote."

"Confounded racket here. Is everything all right? Dilly there with you?"

"Yes — yes — " Martha shouted.

Continued from page 64

"You didn't have any trouble finding the way?"

"No — " She'd had no trouble finding the way.

Some time, she thought swiftly, some time she would tell Lem the trouble she had had, but not now.

Not now, because he would say it must be reported no matter what it cost him.

That, too, was an instantaneous decision, and again Martha thought, right or wrong, I'll stick to it.

Lem was talking. "Archie had a man all set to drive for you. You shouldn't have done that by yourself. What?" he said, apparently to someone near him, and then his voice came back out of the hubbub of sounds in the room with him.

RUN SCARED

"Archie's tugging at my elbow. He wants to talk to Dilly. Wait a minute though—I'm not through yet. I'll be up there I think on Sunday. You sure you've got plenty of everything —"

His voice had been strong and vital during his speech. It seemed now strained and very, very tired.

"Oh, yes, yes. The furnace is on and—oh, everything." She cast about for a cheering note and shouted, "Stinky's home."

She could hear Lem's laugh. All the vitality came back "That old cat," he said, affectionately. "Well, take care of yourself, Mrs. Schultz. I'll put Archie on before he blows up."

Archie's higher, thinner voice said, "Is that you, Dilly?"

"No. I'll call her for you. Dilly!"

Dilly thudded in her stockinged feet to the telephone.

Martha sat down and looked into the fire. She was only vaguely aware of Dilly's voice. "Well, then, we've got to raise more money—"

The house seemed to surround her, as Lem's voice had surrounded her, with utter love and faith. Yes, Dilly was right. If Martha was not entirely easy in her heart, then that was her own responsibility.

Dilly clicked up the telephone and came back. Usually phlegmatic and unperturbed, Dilly was grumbling. "You have to pry money out of people. How did Lem sound?"

"Tired, I thought, strained—" Martha sat up and looked at Dilly. "You didn't try to keep me from telling him."

DILLY reached for a cigarette. "I knew you would come to your senses when I heard you tell Jim that Stinky had been here all the time. The way you said it," said Dilly, and lighted the cigarette.

"Oh." Martha looked thoughtfully at Dilly. A good politican, somebody had said, is as sensitive as a barometer.

"No sense in bothering Lem now with something that didn't happen to a drunken Peeping Tom." Dilly yawned and turned on a table lamp beside her. She looked very tired, her round face sagged and had no color.

"Where did you sleep last night?" Martha said, struck with compunction.

"In the chair here. When I could. I was worried about giving you so many pills. Didn't know just how it would hit you. Can you cook?"

"Why, yes, of course. That is, nothing fancy."

"You look so elegant. Even in sweater and slacks. I didn't think you would ever have been near a kitchen stove."

"How much do you think my father's salary was?" Martha said, amused. "I'll see to dinner."

"I used to cook gruel for Zeke—what he called slops, whenever we were travelling, oh, for years." Dilly plumped down into a chair.

"Dilly, you've been very good to me."

"Oh, I knew you would see sense as soon as you got over your scare." Dilly took off her spectacles and rubbed her forehead.

Martha went into the kitchen to see what prospects there were for dinner. Stinky followed her, his huge striped tail waving.

But somehow something was nibbling at the edges of Martha's peace of mind.

. . . . . .

They watched and listened to John Huxton's speech that night, Martha with fury when he attacked Lem as he did, hard, adroitly, using every trick in the lexicon of politics.

"Anything goes in the last few days," Dilly muttered once. "Pay no attention to it."

But Dilly paid attention, scrunched over a pad of paper on her knee, making hentrack notes swiftly, picking up points which Martha didn't even hear.

"Lem will think of all these himself," Dilly said when the speech was over. "I only want to make sure we don't miss anything. Well, that seems to be that." She snapped off the television. "Lem's meeting tonight isn't on television. We've got to buy some more coverage if we can scrape up the money. The kitty is getting a little low. I'll get busy on that tomorrow. We may as well go to bed. Put the screen in front of the fire, will you? I'll see about the doors."

Lock the doors, Jim Stenson had said. That prowler is in the next State and still running, Ellen had said. Nevertheless, there was a little chill up Martha's back as Dilly methodically made the rounds of the house—back door, front door, trying the latches of all the long glittering french windows. She pulled the curtains across them.

As she did so she caught Martha's eyes and shrugged. "Silly. This side of the house, there's

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nothing but lawn and some shrubbery and the lake. But I've been feeling all evening as if somebody's out there, peering in."

"You felt that!" Martha was astonished. "I didn't think you"—she stopped and Dilly finished—"had nerves. I don't. Besides, if anybody had been outside Stinky would have known it."

Martha glanced at Stinky, who had had a prowl outdoors while they ate their dinner and marched straight back into the house when Dilly set out the milk bottles. He was hunched up on the mantel, his rough coat tufted from a strenuous grooming. He flicked one battle-scarred ear when he heard his name.

Certainly he would have known of any alien presence, and even knowing Stinky as little as she did Martha was perfectly sure that he would have been on the alert, attracted to the windows or the door, switching his huge tail, uneasy.

Dilly snapped off all the lights but one and led the way upstairs. She had her own room; the door was open and Martha caught a glimpse of Dilly's sable stole lying in a crumple on the floor. "Good night," Dilly said briefly.

LEM'S room, with all the evidences of the many years of his presence there, was almost as heartening as Lem's presence. Martha turned down the cover of the huge four-poster bed and because the night was so cold hunted for, and found, a red-covered eiderdown. At last she went to the bookshelves.

She looked rather disconsolately at the long rows of books.

Every one of them looked worn, read, and re-read. Probably Lem knew them by heart. She would never catch up with him. He didn't expect that, of course. Still she ought to make every effort to educate herself along these profound, intricate, and shifting lines. With a feeling of getting to some basic principles she took De Tocqueville and settled herself in bed. She snapped on the reading-lamp and lit a cigarette.

She looked at the telephone extension and almost patted its shining black surface. It was like a line to Lem.

He wouldn't telephone again that night. Still she had his itinerary; there was a typed slip of paper in her handbag, telling her exactly where he would be, when. If she wanted to talk to him at any time all she had to do was lift the receiver and dial long distance.

Some time she would have to tell Lem the truth and she knew it would be a day of reckoning. She would face that when she came to it. In the meantime, she wasn't going to give Huxton even the smallest tool which he and his advisers could whet up and sharpen and turn against Lem. Huxton is a mean fighter, Ellen Stenson had said.

But she wished she could forget the two sickening bumps of her car before she could stop it. A rock

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RUN SCARED

fallen in the narrow road was the sensible answer, of course; dead men don't get up and stroll away; an injured man goes to a doctor and reports an accident.

At last she addressed herself resolutely to De Tocqueville and happened to read: "As election draws near— the election is the daily theme of the public papers, the subject of private conversation, the end of every thought and every action, the sole interest at present."

It was very late, for she had a sense of having slept a long time, when the telephone rang.

She fumbled through mists of sleep, fumbled for the telephone, and thought, it's Lem. She said quickly, "Hello—hello—"

A man's voice, a strange voice, rather muffled but still clear, said, "Is this Mrs. Bascom?"

Someone was getting the call through for Lem, she thought, and cried, "Yes—yes—" and waited for Lem's voice to come on.

Instead the voice said, clearly yet slyly, "I just thought I'd tell you that I have a raincoat that shows tyre tracks—"

"What — " Something like the word must have come out although she didn't know she spoke, for the voice at the other end said, "You know what I mean."

That was all. There was a soft distant click.

The dial tone hummed in her ear. She put down the telephone, staring at it with terror and revulsion, as if it had turned into a snake. "I have a raincoat that shows tyre tracks."

She'd tell Dilly. She was half out of bed before a great revealing light seemed to flood her whole consciousness. This was the ratty little man himself.

In that illuminating light even his motive was clear. He intended to bring a suit for damages. Meanly, sordidly, perhaps with a view to extracting more money, he intended to try to frighten her thoroughly as a first step.

But he was alive!

She had believed Dilly. She had known that he must be alive and uninjured. This proved it.

She hadn't realised until then that there was still a nagging uneasiness, a secret doubt in her mind.

She was so thankful that it crowded out her shocked fright. He was alive and that was all that really mattered.

Obviously, drunk or not, he had been clear enough in his head to take a look at the licence number of her car. Nothing was easier than to trace it.

But a suit for damages would have been inaugurated in a very different way, openly, through a lawyer.

No, he intended to frighten her. So, why? Money, of course. Blackmail!

Hush money! Strange words. Words that she had relegated to the position of crime headlines, things that didn't happen to anyone you know. Better blackmail than killing a man! Better blackmail than injuring a man and running

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away from the scene of the accident?

The tyre marks on the raincoat, what about that? She couldn't remember tyre marks showing on his raincoat.

She hadn't looked for tyre marks. There might have been tyre marks, if in fact she had run over him.

Dilly's hard common sense would come to her aid. Dilly would know what to do and how to do it.

There was nothing Dilly could do that night except say, It proves he is alive and I was right.

She had only to lift the telephone and tell Lem the whole thing. Lem would go to the police, no matter what the effect upon his campaign. So the telephone call could not alter her decision.

And she had brought this shabby attempt at extortion upon herself. Therefore, whenever he made his demands known, she would do something, she didn't know what, but something. It occurred to her that he might do nothing; certainly a window peeper was a twisted human being, both unstable and unpredictable.

She could only wait and keep her head. But the windows showed pale rectangles of light before she drifted back to sleep. It was late when she woke and Dilly was already up and gone. A note in Dilly's hentracks stood propped on the living-room mantel. "Gone for newspapers."

WHILE Martha had her breakfast she thought out at least one question which might be answered and took her second cup of coffee to the telephone and dialled zero. The woman's voice which she remembered from Lem's call the day before answered promptly. "Yes, Mrs. Downes—"

"No, it's me, Martha Bascom."

"Oh. Good morning. Do you want to place a call?"

"No, that is — there was a call here late last night. I wasn't sure whether it was a local call or long distance."

"Oh, I wasn't on duty last night, Mrs. Bascom. That was Ruth Evans. I'm Grace Olney. If it was a local call we wouldn't know. We have the dial system for local calls. Long distance is different, we haven't got a code number for this area yet. Ruth might remember."

"Can I talk to Ruth?"

"Of course. That is, she may be asleep now. She is on duty all night, you know—"

"Don't call her. It's not important."

"I expect you're looking forward to next Tuesday, Mrs. Bascom. We're all very proud of your husband."

"So am I," Martha said, "thank you—"

She put down the telephone. If the man in the road were in the vicinity he could have dialled with no trace whatever of his call. If he were not in the vicinity, then it was a long-distance call.

She had settled nothing. She couldn't help hoping that it had been a long-distance call and that a pale,

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RUN SCARED

ferrety-faced little man wasn't stealthily haunting the neighborhood, the house, watching.

She crossed to the windows and looked out toward the lake. It was another overcast, dark day. The lawn was a dull, wet green. Most of the trees had lost their autumn foliage, but some oaks still showed pale brown and pink leaves and there were clusters of evergreens. There was a path along the lake and at the right an ornate, old-fashioned summerhouse, shaped like an ancient and decrepit birthday cake, jutted out high over the water; its windows were boarded up and its shingled roof was black with moisture.

A long strip of weathered planking along the path puzzled her for a moment until she saw the beginning of a pier. There was almost ten feet of it and then a track of wet black piles going out into the water. The strip of planking was a projection of a small pier, taken in for the winter, before the lake froze over.

She found a brown suede coat in the closet near the tiny telephone-room. The coat looked expensive and it was hanging by one sleeve wound around a hanger, so she was sure it belonged to Dilly. She put it on and let herself out one of the long french windows and on to a terrace with fringes of grass growing between its flagstones. There was a gravelled path going down from the end of the terrace straight to the summerhouse.

It was going to rain again. She smiled a little, thinking that whatever the weather was somebody would call it good Democrat weather and somebody else would call it good Republican weather.

Why, she thought with amusement but also with satisfaction, I'm getting the contagion, thinking all the time of the voters and how this or that element will effect them. But she had much to learn.

That sobered her. How near she had come to making the unforeseen the terrible mistake—the kind of mistake that Lem and Ma Bascom had told her she couldn't possibly make!

She could still make the mistake. Tyre marks on a raincoat; a sly voice over the telephone in the night.

She must go very carefully; pick her way as cautiously as a cat. But surely, until Tuesday, she could find some safe way.

She paused at the weather-beaten strip of planking; in dry weather it would be white from the sun and water. The summerhouse looked very deserted and cold. The boarded-up windows were high above, approached by a flight of worn steps and a door. Below the steps another door stood a little ajar and she peered in. It was dark, but she could see oars and a green and white rubber swan, a little deflated and leaning drunkenly to one side.

Everything looked used, and everything summoned up visions of the happy routine of Lem's boyhood and the lively Bascom family.

It was not surprising that they clung on to the old house. It was

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THE BOYFRIEND

"Sure I love you—I told you that months ago!"

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"I don't know either. I'm a status-driver, too."

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inconvenient; it must require constant repairs, constant painting, constant care, but it was home to them as no other place ever would be home. She wondered how many years she would spend there and suddenly saw herself trotting down that path to swim, taking books up to the summerhouse, lazying through sunny afternoons.

She walked slowly around the summerhouse and out toward the short stationary end of the pier.

A man stood outlined against the lake.

She stopped, surprised. He wore a black hat and an overcoat and was eyeing her coldly from under the shadowy brim of his hat. He was tall and thin; his face was flabby and pale; his overcoat looked very cityish and smart, too smart somehow, flashy. He said, "Mrs. Bascom?"

She got her breath. "I am Mrs. Bascom."

"I thought so. I was waiting to talk to you."

The word flashy in her thought hooked up like an electric current with something someone had said and then she remembered Bill Holcomb. "—one of them's here already—" meaning a magazine writer staying at the Widow Grange's house—"tall thin guy—black hair, kind of pale and city-looking—snappy new clothes—works for a magazine."

He didn't look like a magazine writer or a reporter; she had seen so many reporters during the past weeks that she had begun to sense a certain wiry and agile alertness and usually an outright friendliness. Still, he fitted exactly Bill Holcomb's description and she could not, would not, make any sort of statement, not even a word which could be quoted, not without Dilly's or Archie's advice.

She said politely, "I'm sorry. I have nothing to say. Not now. Thank you—"

"Oh, now little lady," he said with a curious, easy vulgarity of manner, "you've got a lot to say—" He advanced toward her.

She moved instinctively back toward the path, but forced herself to smile and said politely, "Perhaps later, but really not now. Good morning—"

Something hard and determined flickered over his pale face. He took another step toward her, his hand came out, and for a second she thought he was actually trying to hold her there. "Now just a minute—" he began, and Dilly said behind her, "Telephone, Martha—"

She whirled around and was never so glad to see anybody as she was to see Dilly, panting a little, her spectacles slipping, the pink scarf at her throat loose and streaming out. "It's long distance, you'd better hurry—" Dilly looked at the magazine writer. "Mrs. Bascom can't talk to you today . . . Do hurry, Martha—"

"Yes—yes—"

DILLY had obviously seen them from the house and had run, tottering in her high heels, across the lawn. She hurried along the path with Martha, panting.

"Thanks for getting me out of that," Martha said.

Dilly shoved the floating ends of her scarf into her jacket. "I saw you from the house—"

"Is it Lem?"

"What?"

"Why, on the phone! Is it Lem?"

"Oh, of course not. There's nobody."

Martha stared at her. "Why you said—"

"I had to say something to get you away. Don't slow up. He's probably still watching." Martha glanced back over her shoulder, but the shrubbery hid the tall black figure. A glimmer of flashing green on the grass caught her eyes; she ran back and scooped up Dilly's emerald-and-diamond pin. "Here, you dropped it." She thrust it into Dilly's hand.

"Oh—thanks. Hurry—"

Once inside the house, Martha turned the bolt of the French window quickly, feeling as if she were pursued.

Dilly sat down, took off her slippers, which had muddy grass and leafmould wedged around the spiky heels, and turned on the table lamp. "It's got a safety catch," she said, peering at the pin.

Martha sat down on the arm of the sofa. "Was that the magazine writer Bill Holcomb talked about?"

"You mean staying at Mrs. Grange's? I don't know. You didn't talk to him, did you?"

"Why, I said—I said I was sorry but not now—something like that. I'm not sure that I was very polite."

"Don't worry about that. He'll be back. He'll not be paid till he gets the story. This catch seems to work all right." Dilly put the pin on the table as carelessly as if it had been set with chunks of glass and looked up at Martha. "Why did you talk to him at all?"

There was no irritation in her voice, no rebuke, but Martha felt as if she were a child, reprimanded. "I told you I didn't. That is, I had to say something—"

"You could have simply turned around and walked back to the house."

"I was only trying to be polite."

"If I hadn't seen you and come to get you out of it, you'd have stayed there being polite. I can't be with you all the time, you know. You can't expect me always to get you out of your problems."

A flash of anger, of something very like resentment, stirred in Martha. "I couldn't think of a good

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lie as fast as you could." She said it too fast, too angrily, and knew it.

For a moment she wouldn't even look at Dilly; she was ashamed and she was also still a little angry. She didn't like being scolded as if she were a child.

But of all things she mustn't quarrel with Dilly. And she must tell Dilly about the sly, threatening voice over the telephone. It would put another burden on Dilly's small shoulders, but it would also relieve any secret, nagging doubts on Dilly's part as it had relieved Martha.

She said, "Dilly—"

But Dilly was at the writing table, bent and absorbed over some lists of names. She said absently. "I've got to raise money today. We're down to peanuts in the campaign fund." She went to the telephone, clutching her lists, and said over her shoulder, "There are the newspapers."

Dilly obviously had no secret doubts to relieve. Martha heard her make a long-distance call. "This is Mrs. Zeke Downes. Now about your generous contribution—"

She didn't say this is Dilly Downes and Martha understood why; in politics she was Mrs. Zeke Downes and carried the strength of her husband's name.

SHE apparently got a further contribution. "Good, I knew we could count on you—" She barely clicked the telephone and called another number. Martha wondered if she would ever learn the adroit political savoir-faire which was second nature to Dilly. She felt like a fifth wheel, mere baggage.

Lem deserved, he needed, a wife with Dilly's gifts. It struck Martha that perhaps she was jealous of Dilly and her authority. Perhaps she envied Dilly's wisdom.

Dilly spent the day at the telephone. She wheedled, coaxed, and all but commanded in her flat voice. She didn't hesitate to remind anyone at all of the slightest political favor her husband, Old Zeke, had ever done for him.

Martha fed the cat, she put the kitchen in order, she dusted tables and lamps and all the clutter of small china figures, paperweights, vases, little ornamental boxes which accumulates in a house of many years of living and somehow, for some reason, nobody ever throws out. She went upstairs, aired her

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RUN SCARED

own room and made the bed, aired Dilly's room and made her bed. She picked up Dilly's sable stole from the floor beside the radiator. She replaced the stopper of a bottle of French perfume — only Dilly would leave a bottle of French perfume without its stopper.

Only Dilly would leave two rings on the edge of the bathtub and a bracelet set with emeralds and diamonds tossed down on a chair. She gathered them up and the stones glittered as she put them together beside the perfume. She went back to the kitchen and mixed a salad.

I'm like my name, she thought once, and laughed at herself. Surely the Marthas of the world had their own place, small perhaps, but a place. Dilly ate her lunch from a tray absently, studying lists, and went back to the telephone. If Dilly felt a kind of barrier between them since their close escape from a quarrel, she gave no indication of it; she merely looked preoccupied.

It rained and stopped and rained and stopped. Martha finally got the first volume of De Tocqueville again and forced herself to concentrate. By dusk she didn't feel that she had made much progress in improving her mind, so she made tea, which Dilly, at the writing-table again, accepted absently, ink on her fingers, spectacles sliding, spilling the tea on masses of papers.

By this time it would have been almost impossible for Martha to break through the little wall she felt between them.

She could imagine the conversation when she told Dilly of the night telephone call.

"You should have called me at once," Dilly would say. "Who was he?"

"I don't know—"

"You should have found out. Were there tyre marks on his raincoat?"

"I don't know."

"Surely you would know! What did you say?"

"Nothing—"

"Well — we'll just keep quiet about this until after Tuesday."

The house grew darker. Martha turned on more lamps and put more logs on the fire. Stinky drifted into the room and nosed around the television, again with haughty interest in its newness.

The kitchen windows were black and glittering when Martha went in to get ice. Dilly had disappeared when she returned.

Martha went back to the kitchen, experimented with the knobs of the stove, found linen mats for the huge table in the dining-room; there was an enormous array of flat silver in the big sideboard.

When she returned again to the living-room Dilly had poured herself a drink and one for Martha. She was sitting, feet tucked under her, on the sofa, and Martha's conscience gave her an extra twinge, for Dilly's face had a kind of waxy, sunken pallor, her mouth drooped down; she took off her spectacles and rubbed her eyes.

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"Just don't expect too much!"

"Well," Dilly said. "I've raised nearly twenty thousand dollars."

Martha stared at Dilly. "That's a terrific sum of money!"

"Campaigns cost!"

"How much?" Martha asked, struck with curiosity.

"This one? Between a million and two million," Dilly said casually. "A presidential campaign—" she shrugged.

Martha could feel her jaw drop. "Why—why, that's a fortune!"

"Surely you've heard us all talk about how to raise money."

"Yes, but I didn't realise it could be so much." Dilly herself, Martha knew, was a heavy contributor. "I couldn't have raised a dime, I wouldn't know how!" Martha said honestly and also a little enviously.

"I had to get it today by dribs and drabs. And a little pressure. We need more exposure."

Continued from page 71

Martha had heard the word in that context many times; it still made her think of measles and mumps. She said, "Yes."

"A basic problem is to get your candidate known." Dilly was mildly explaining the a.b.c. again. "Lem has stumped the State, twice now. Everybody remembers his father. But we want every voter to feel that he knows everything about Lem. Not just his face but the way he talks, the way he answers questions, even his mannerisms; oh, a thousand small things adding up to a feeling of trust and familiarity. It's always a problem, but it's a bigger problem if your candidate hasn't been in the public eye for a long time. It's a question of the public image."

"I see." What Martha dismally saw was how little she knew of the very primer of politics.

"And, of course, there's Lem's big speech Monday night, his last one. We had only fifteen minutes' television coverage. We must have more time— By the way, Martha, what did you do with my emerald pin?"

"Why, you put it on the table. Over there."

"It's not there now."

Martha went to the table, there was everything else there, three ashtrays, a china rabbit with a broken ear, a bowl full of matchbooks, but no emerald pin. "But I saw you put it there."

"I thought you might have taken it upstairs while you were dusting."

"No, I didn't. I don't remember seeing it when I dusted, either. There were some things in your room, rings and a bracelet—"

"Oh, yes, I saw them on my dressing-table just now when I went up to wash. Thanks—"

"But your pin! It's got to be somewhere. I hope I didn't knock it off the table. Surely I'd have seen it—" She looked under the table, around the table, everywhere, and there was no brilliancy of diamonds, no flash of green.

"It'll turn up." Dilly sipped her drink. "Forget it. It's almost time for the news."

RUN SCARED

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If Dilly intended a peacemaking conversation Martha was more than willing to meet her halfway. Instead Dilly rose, thudded over to the television, and turned on the news.

By the time they had had dinner, with Dilly listening to every news programme there was, getting up to change channels, Martha came to the conclusion that Dilly had no awareness whatever of any kind of stiffness or barrier between them; she didn't even know that they had come perilously near a quarrel.

Dilly praised the dinner and thanked Martha and insisted on putting the dishes in the dishwasher and feeding Stinky, who tore at a chicken leg with little savage rumbles in his throat.

That night, though, it was Martha who went around the living-room and dining-room, quietly making sure the bolts of the long windows were fastened and drawing the curtains against the night and—well, anybody who might be out there watching.

"I'm so tired I could drop," Dilly said. "Good night, Martha."

She went wearily upstairs. She didn't even bother to take another look for her emerald pin.

Martha turned on all the lights there were and searched every inch of the big room. Stinky followed her, entertained. She found no pin and decided at last that Dilly could have absently picked it up from the table and dropped it anywhere; it would turn up on some shelf or washbasin: the coffee-pot wouldn't have surprised Martha. She arranged the fire screen securely and followed Dilly.

When she turned off her light she looked with something like disbelief at the telephone on the bed table. She was, of course, sure that a man had phoned last night and said he had a raincoat with tyre marks on it. Still it seemed far away, half a dream, not a likely thing to happen. She was deeply asleep when some sudden sound awoke her, the bang of a car door, voices, a commotion downstairs, and then Lem's voice. "Where's everybody? Martha —"

To page 74

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Continued from page 72

RUN SCARED

Archie Henshaw shouted, "Sandwiches, food, drink. Hail the conquering hero and his henchmen."

Dilly's mild voice seemed for once a little cross. "You drove sixty miles to get here! Wait a minute, we'll be down."

Martha was groping in the darkness, forgetting in her excitement to turn on lights, when the bedroom door flung open and Lem came in, a stream of light following him. She flung herself into his arms and he caught her up hard, whirled her around, kissed her hard and long, and then whirled her around exuberantly again.

"Lem, Lem, we didn't expect you tonight!"

"Sixty miles. We made it in good time. How's my Mrs. Schultz?"

"Oh, Lem, I'm so glad to see you." If only she could tell Lem the whole story, everything, then and there! He would see to it that a sly, muffled voice would never covertly threaten again. It was so strong a temptation that she almost yielded to it.

LEM sensed something in the way she clung to him. "Everything's all right, isn't it, Martha?"

Dilly said from the doorway, "Martha, they're all here. The governor and Bob Newton and Archie and they've got a reporter and a cameraman. Is there enough bread for sandwiches?"

"I think so. In the freezer. I'll come."

Behind Lem she could see Dilly, wrapped in a pink dressing - gown, silhouetted against the light from the hall. "I've raised some money, Lem," she said.

Lem turned quickly. "Dilly! How did you do it?"

"Today. Over the telephone."

"They've been working on it all week! We're almost down to the last dime." He caught Dilly around her shoulders and gave her a brisk kiss.

"We need more coverage; all we can get," Dilly said flatly, but Martha thought she was pleased. "I'll go and start sandwiches. Archie says you are all starving."

"I'd have told you we were coming, but there wasn't time. The governor arranged for a motorcycle escort!" Lem laughed. "But it certainly got us here in a hurry."

Martha said, "I'll get dressed, Dilly. It won't take a minute." She was already reaching for her clothes. Dilly went down the hall, the high heels of her bedroom slippers tapping.

"Better have some lights," Lem said and switched on the lamp.

Martha looked at him over the black slacks she was pulling on. He looked tired, his face seemed thinner and strained.

"I'm sorry we had to bring the cameraman and the reporter. We couldn't get out of it. They want a picture story, you, the house, everything. Do you mind?"

"Of course not." She shoved her feet into her black moccasins.

Lem said in a puzzled way, "Are you sure everything is all right?"

His eyes were very alert and intent. She jerked her yellow sweater over her head. "Why certainly," she said firmly and added with a view to diverting him, "I do hope there's something to put in the sandwiches."

It must have sounded all right. He gave her another hard hug, pulled off his coat, and started for the bathroom. "I want a wash. Leave it to Dilly to get more money. That means Monday, the important day—" Sounds of splashing water muffled his voice.

"I'm going downstairs," she called to him.

They were all over the place, they filled the living-room and the kitchen. There was camera equipment cluttering the entrance. Archie was filling the ice-bucket. The governor heaved himself wearily out of a chair to speak to Martha. The reporter, thin and young with a face as sharp as a hatchet, was introduced to her. The cameraman, stocky and young with a broad face and heavy eyebrows, was introduced and eyed her calculatingly as if seeking the most revealing angle for his pictures.

Dilly had got out the bread; Martha found cheese and canned tongue and canned corned beef. Everybody flocked to the kitchen. The cameraman showed himself to be deft and quick in helping with the sandwiches. Lem came running in, pulling on a sweater, and the governor sat slumped in a kitchen chair. They ate and drank, sitting around the long table, sitting on the table, perched on stools.

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Mrs. H. WIFE

"Vultures!"

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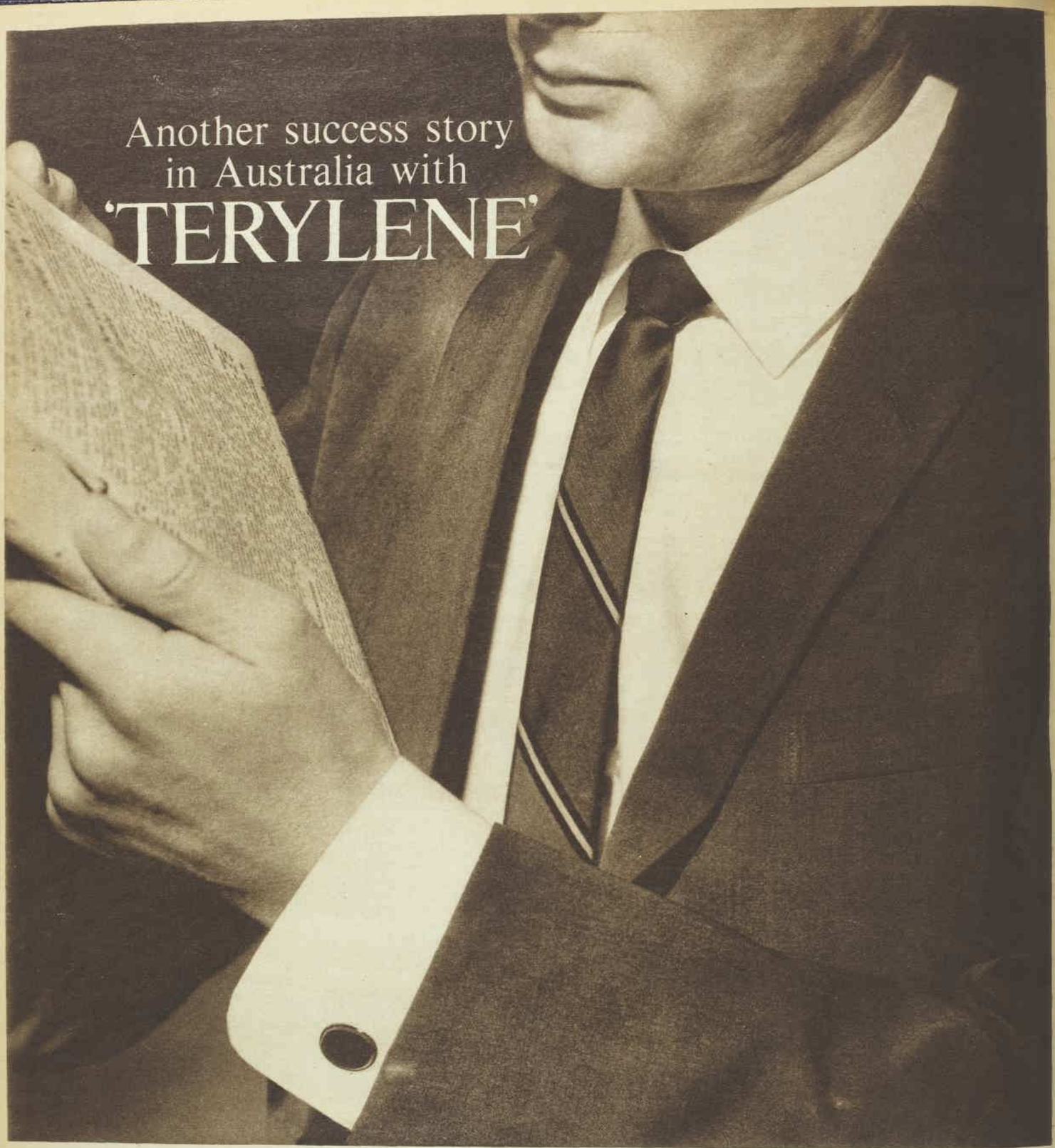

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The talk between Lem and the governor, Dilly and Archie seemed rather different from usual, a little constrained; there was none of the usual frank exchange of views and facts. Martha knew why; it was because of the sharp-faced reporter and his listening ears. Once, though, the reporter came out with a blunt question. "Governor, do you think it's all over but the shouting?"

The governor glanced at him over a highball glass. "Looks like it to me."

"H'mm — yes. Of course weird things can happen at the last minute," the reporter said in an impersonal, very detached way.

"Not this time." The governor eyed him shrewdly.

"You wouldn't be here if you didn't want to have a good big spread ready for your next issue."

Archie looked up. "Did you get a picture story ready about Huxton?"

"Now, now," the reporter said without a smile. "We've got to be fair and stick to news."

The cameraman chuckled. "And let the chips fall where they lay. Hey, I want to get that cat. People like cats and dogs in a homelife picture."

Lem winked at Martha. "Home life of the Bascoms. Stinky on the front page."

"Stinky?" The reporter took a thick pad of paper from his pocket and scribbled. "It that his name? Stinky?"

Stinky swished his tail and put a paw on Lem's knee. Lem broke off a bite of corned beef and gave it to the cat. Archie said to the

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continued from page 74

cameraman, "You ought to get that shot."

"Corny," said the cameraman squinting through the lens at the cat and intending nothing jocular, for he looked faintly surprised when Archie gave his high-pitched laugh. "Well, it is. Besides, if I took pictures now you'd all look like Zombies."

Martha looked around and it was true. Under the harsh ceiling light Lem looked very strained; there were deep lines of fatigue under his eyes and around his mouth. The governor looked twenty years older than he was in fact. Even bouncy, tubby Archie looked flabby and exhausted. Only Bob Newton was spruce, unruffled and, as always, cool and quiet as a bank vault.

The reporter had turned to Archie. "How does it feel to be on the other side of the battle?"

Archie flushed a little. "I'm my own man. If I want to change horses there's no law against it."

"Well," the reporter said in a mild voice that reminded Martha of Dilly's voice when she wanted to drive a point home, "you did work for John Huxton for—how long—four years, wasn't it?"

"Archie's working for me now," Lem said. There was a swift flash of restrained anger in his eyes. "And I'm glad of it. It's nearly three. Anybody want another highball?"

The governor rose. "I'm for bed," he said wearily.

Dilly knew where blankets and sheets were stored and led the way to the big linen closet. She and Martha and the cameraman made beds. Archie chose the sofa in the

RUN SCARED

living-room as against the long sleeping porch which was so full of beds it was like a dormitory, but cold.

By the time beds were finished and the bathrooms supplied with towels and Martha went to Lem's room, he was stretched out across the bed, as if he'd fallen there, sound asleep. A cigarette was still burning in the ashtray. She put it out and Lem roused, gave her a sleepy look, shed his clothes groggily, and got heavily into bed. "How do you like the place, Martha?" he said sleepily.

"The house? I like it."

"Ma's giving it to us. Sent me the deed, all made out."

"Giving it to you?"

"Because I'm the oldest, I guess. Or because she thinks we'll use it and Howard and Carter won't—" His voice drifted off into sleep. She reached out softly so as not to wake him and turned off the light.

The telephone awoke her. She reached swiftly in the darkness, her heart leaping into her throat, trying to get a grasp on the telephone before it woke Lem. She got the receiver to her ear and heard Archie, "Who is this? What do you mean?" There was a silence, then Archie jiggled the telephone. "Who are you? What are you talking about?"

Again, as had occurred the previous night, there was a soft click and the dial tone came on. She heard Archie mutter angrily, "Damn fool. Now what—" Archie hung up with a bang.

Martha put back the telephone softly. Lem stirred, sighed, and if he'd been even slightly awakened went back to sleep again.

She hadn't a doubt as to the source of the telephone call. Just then she was only thankful that Lem hadn't heard and demanded an explanation then and there.

To be continued

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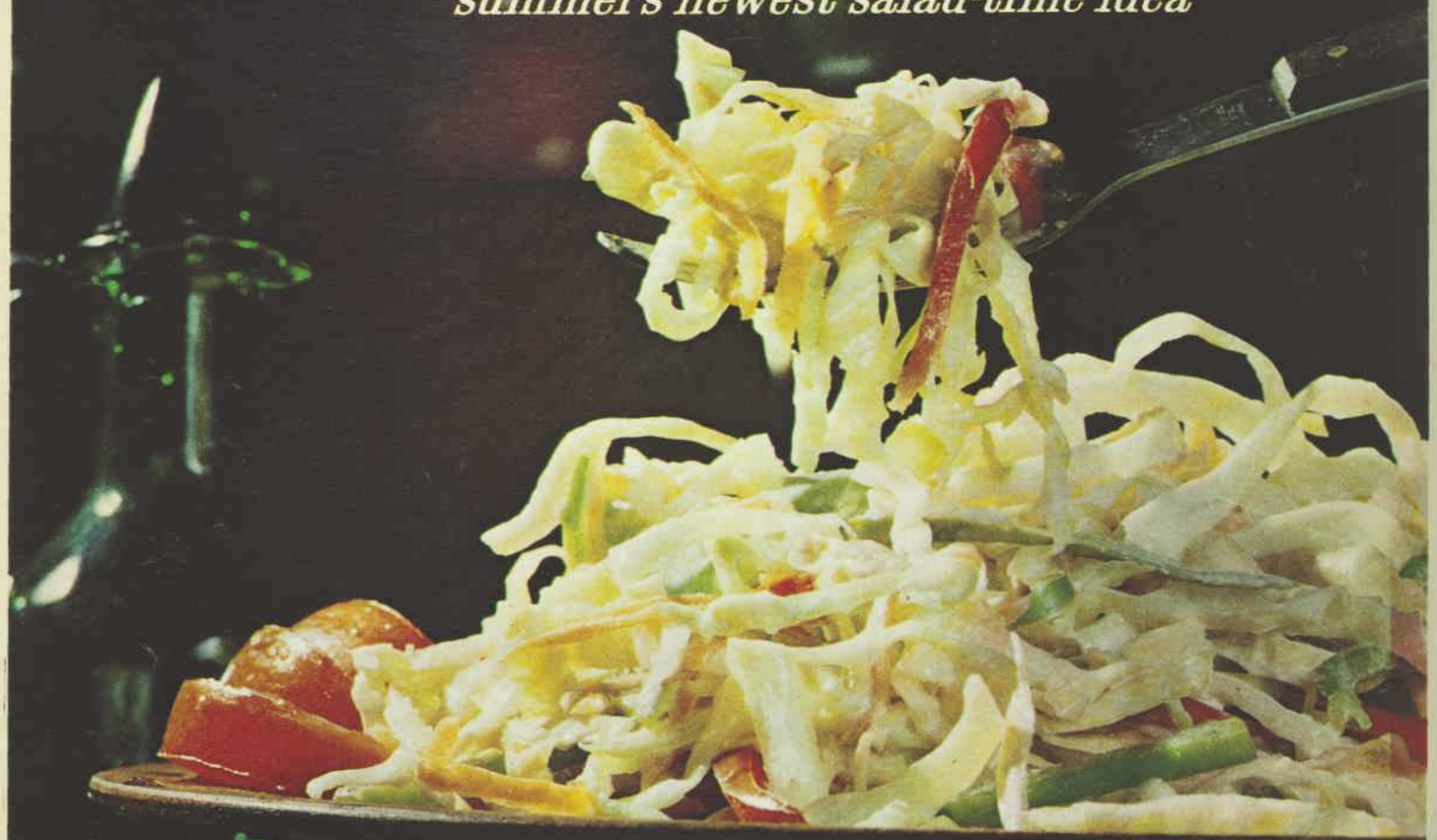

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(2) To the mayonnaise add: 2 shredded carrots; 1 shredded capsicum; 1 small shredded cabbage; 1 shredded white onion. Mix shredded vegetables into mayonnaise. Chill and serve.

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Our canned fruit recipe contest

● There is only a short time left to submit your entries in our Name the Occasion Canned Fruit Recipe Contest. The closing date for entries from our readers is November 23.

THIS unusual but easy contest based on canned peaches, canned pears, and canned apricots has a new angle—you are asked to submit a recipe or recipes for any of the five occasions listed below.

In addition there is a special section for a classic canned pears recipe. In this section we are looking for a recipe that is essentially simple but delicious enough to become a classic.

Recipes in all sections can be for a main dish or a dessert. They must feature canned peaches, canned pears, or canned apricots.

Below are the six sections of the contest:

NAME THE OCCASION

1, Children's Party; 2, Teenagers' Party; 3, Sunday Night Family Meal; 4, Women's Lunch Party; 5, Family Dinner.

SPECIAL SECTION

Canned Pears Classic Recipe.

Each recipe in the five Name the Occasion Sections should include, in addition to canned peaches, canned apricots, or canned pears, one or more of the following six ingredients in everyday use:

Breakfast flakes, cake-mix, evaporated milk, gelatine, custard powder, pastry-mix.

In the Canned Pears Classic Recipe, competitors need not use any of the six ingredients above but can use any ingredient they desire in addition to the main ingredient —canned pears.

Big cash prizes will be awarded in the contest. They are: Grand Champion Prize (best recipe in the contest), £500; first prize in each of the five Name the Occasion Sections, £50; second prize in each of the "Occasion" Sections, £20; first prize in Classic Canned Pears Recipe Section, £100; second prize in Classic Canned Pears Recipe Section, £20; five consolation prizes covering all sections, £5.

Progress prizes of £5 each are being awarded throughout the contest. This week's progress prize, won by a South Australian reader, for a classic canned pear recipe is given below.

To enter the contest, send in a recipe for a main dish or dessert you consider suitable for any of the five occasions listed above, or enter a recipe in the Classic Canned Pears Section.

Send your entries to: Canned Fruits Recipe Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

You can send in as many recipes as you wish in any or all of the six sections of the contest.

This week's progress prizewinner is:

SPECIAL SECTION: Canned Pears Classic Recipe.

Progress prize of £5 is awarded to Mrs. M. Brennan, 23 Burrimul Street, Woomera, S.A., for the following recipe:

CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT MOUSSE

Chocolate Mixture: One dessertspoon gelatine, 4 tablespoons hot water, 2 eggs (separated), 5 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons cocoa, ½ pint milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Place egg-yolks in saucepan with sugar and cocoa. Blend smoothly with milk, stir until hot but not boiling over gentle heat. Allow to cool, add gelatine. When cold and beginning to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and vanilla.

Peppermint Mixture: One and a half teaspoons gelatine, 4 tablespoons hot water, 1 egg (separated), 4 tablespoons sugar, ½ pint milk, peppermint essence, green food coloring, 1 large can pears.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Place egg-yolk with sugar and milk in saucepan. Stir until hot but not boiling over gentle heat. Allow to cool, fold in dissolved gelatine. When cold but not set, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Add peppermint essence and color pale green.

To Assemble: Before adding egg-whites to both mixtures, above, arrange a pattern of canned pears in base of large oiled mould, reserving a few pears for decoration. Then spoon a small quantity of the completed peppermint mixture on top of pears — just sufficient to hold pears firmly; chill until set (a quick method of chilling is to place mould in basin of iced water). When set, add more peppermint mixture, leaving half for remaining layer. When firm, add half completed chocolate mixture; allow to set. Add remainder of peppermint and, when firm, remainder of chocolate mixture; chill until firm. Unmould on serving-dish, decorate with remainder of pears and fresh or mock cream.

ORANGE CHEESE CAKE

In the recipe for Orange Cheese Cake, in the orange contest feature in our issue of October 14, the quantity of gelatine given in ingredients should read "2 tablespoons," not "2 ounces."

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CAPTAIN TURNER FINDS A HOME

"Why Bear?" he asked the child.

"'Cause you're brown," said Doll, and ran, laughing, out of the room.

Captain Turner straightened up. "I'd like to take the room—if you'd like to have me," he said.

Impulsively Mrs. Faulkner put out her hand. "I would. May we shake hands on it?"

Captain Turner bowed over her hand and, stocky though he was, at that moment he was as graceful as an eighteenth-century courtier.

A week later he moved in and met Doll's father, Jack Faulkner. He did not take to him at first. He looked indolent, his hair was overlong, although his handshake was firm enough. But Captain Turner had not voyaged to every country in the world without learning the very salutary lesson that one's first

Continued from page 31

impressions are not always to be relied upon.

A month later he was one of the family and thoroughly liked Jack Faulkner. Captain Turner now knew that Jack had fought in Korea. He had said with a wry smile: "I wasn't an awfully good soldier—but I did try."

He wasn't an awfully good handyman about the flat either. A shelf fell down—it would have stayed down except that Captain Turner's nautical soul revolted at anything not ship-shape. Captain Turner fixed it, and the cupboard door that came off its hinges, and the lock that jammed inexplicably, imprisoning the Sunday joint.

With wry bewilderment, Captain Turner wondered what they would have done without him. Starved, tripped over fallen shelves, beheaded themselves on hingeless doors and, he supposed, remained as charming and content as ever.

But although he was part of the family, he most certainly was not an everyday part of it. His privacy was inviolate—respected at all times, even by Doll. No member of the family ever entered his room without knocking. And remembering the long and lonely hours that the captain of a ship spent in his cabin when at sea, he grew to look forward to the knock on the door.

Doll's knock, surprisingly, was sharp and adamant, and always followed by the shy request: "Tell me a story about a boat."

Captain Turner, whom nothing now could surprise, didn't question a little girl's interest in stories of the sea, nor did his mind fly to any fearful psychological conclusions because her chief interest lay in stories of shipwreck, storms, and men lost overboard.

Doll's eyes would grow blackly intense. "Did he get drowned?" she'd ask. "And sink right to the bottom of the sea? Did the seagulls mind?"

Captain Turner revelled in these questions, and being a contemplative man, like many a true sailor, found delightful food for thought in the question: did the seagulls mind?

Jack Faulkner made him feel like an admiral of the fleet when he took in an illustration he was working on and asked for his opinion. It concerned only a small detail, the drawing of a dinghy in a beach scene.

Captain Turner, after all, he painted a bit, too, scribbled on the back of an envelope the difference in line, artistically, between a dinghy that was clinker-built as opposed to one that was carvel-built.

It was on that evening that Jack Faulkner said: "When I sell this illustration I'll have enough to buy a boat of my own. Only a second-hand one, of course."

Captain Turner did not sleep at all well that night. He couldn't bear to think of Jack Faulkner, with his hard-earned money, going to buy a second-hand boat — an amateur fooled by a new coat of paint, ignorant of faulty propeller shafts, not suspecting dry rot, beguiled into buying a "pretty" craft which in any kind of sea would be about as safe as a river skiff in a tide race off Selsey Bill.

BUT when Captain Turner arrived at the office the next day his newfound contentment, the pleasant harbor where he had now dropped anchor, was hit by the gale of opportunity.

The senior partner offered him another post in Australia.

It would mean more money and would offer him a life considerably more luxurious than his present one in London.

But what, he asked himself, over his pint of bitter, three sausages, and pickled onions, would this new life really have to offer more than he had now?

More money, certainly. But Captain Turner didn't need that. He had enough put by. And to work abroad? Well, he had seen every country in the world — the hot and the extreme humidity of Singapore, the arid dust and dry heat of the Persian Gulf, the beautifully temperate winds that blew over Wellington, New Zealand, the cold shoulders of the Cape rollers.

He'd had his fill of faraway places, and outside things, and smells that were strange, and tongues that were teasing to your ears, and he'd found now a place that he liked. Besides, he had responsibilities.

What would happen to the Faulkners if he went? The flat would fall apart, Jack Faulkner would buy the most unsuitable boat, one only safe in dry dock — and, anyhow, how could he give up his command? What Captain would replace him? For in a short time the Faulkner family had become as intimate, troublesome, lovable, and awkward as any of the many crews he had sailed with. Could he desert them?

For the first time since his retirement from sea, Captain Turner was happy. How foolish to put to sea again. So he told the senior

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CAPTAIN TURNER FINDS A HOME

Continued from page 80

partner that he was grateful for the offer but preferred to remain where he was.

But privately he was concerned with his new command—one for the first time in his life that was based on affection rather than maritime law.

Back in his clean, white-washed room that evening—Doll was by then happily asleep dreaming, he supposed, of his war-time yarn about a ship's lifeboat sailing across the Atlantic—Captain Turner went outside and knocked on Jack Faulkner's sitting-room door.

"Come in." It was Jack's wife who answered.

Captain Turner could not overcome the habit of over twenty years of command. To Jack, he said, more abruptly than he intended: "I would like a word with you in my room, if you please."

What Captain Turner had to say would not be easy in front of a woman in the pretty form of Mrs. Faulkner. Besides, one never put a junior officer in a situation where he might lose face if one could avoid it. Undermined the man's power of command.

SOLEMNLY, the two men walked into Captain Turner's room.

You could almost hear the sound of the sea . . . and wasn't the cabin rolling just a little in the long swell . . . and up through the good deck (hidden by serviceable blue cord carpet) couldn't you feel the beat of the engines?

Captain Turner cleared his throat. He'd thought about this speech very carefully. "I don't want you to think I'm interfering in your private life," he began quietly.

Jack Faulkner shot him a wry look as if he expected the Captain to tell him that his darling wife had just fallen in love with the milkman.

"Not at all . . ." he said.

"Are you — are you seriously thinking of buying a boat?"

Bright as a masthead light, Jack Faulkner's face lit up. "Definitely! Oh, most definitely."

"Have you ever owned a boat before—if you'll forgive me for asking?"

"Only an old dinghy."

Heaving a deep sigh, Captain Turner thought furiously of the acorn-faced old shellbacks in boat yards who would weep with joy at the sight of so green a prospect as Mr. Faulkner.

"Have you still got it?"

"No, as a matter of fact it sank in the end."

"Quite," said Captain Turner, and decided that this was the moment, in the privacy of his cabin, to speak out.

"When," he began carefully, "you think you've found a boat you like, at a sensible price, would you let me look her over before you finally buy?"

Mr. Faulkner ran his hand through his hair and said happily: "I'd be only too delighted. As a matter of fact my wife suggested I do that. Only I didn't like to bother you."

They smiled happily at each other. And no doubt about it now, the sea had got up considerably; she was taking them heavily over the bows, and you definitely had to balance yourself against the uneasy motion of the ship. Any moment now the radio officer would come in with the latest weather report . . .

"That's fine, then," said Captain Turner. "Fine."

"If you would like it," said Jack Faulkner tentatively, "we'd be very happy for you to look over boats with us."

"Delighted," said Captain Turner. Then the thought struck him that what with the Faulkner family, and a boat, he'd be in command of two ships at once!

Life for Captain Turner was rich and meaningful again.

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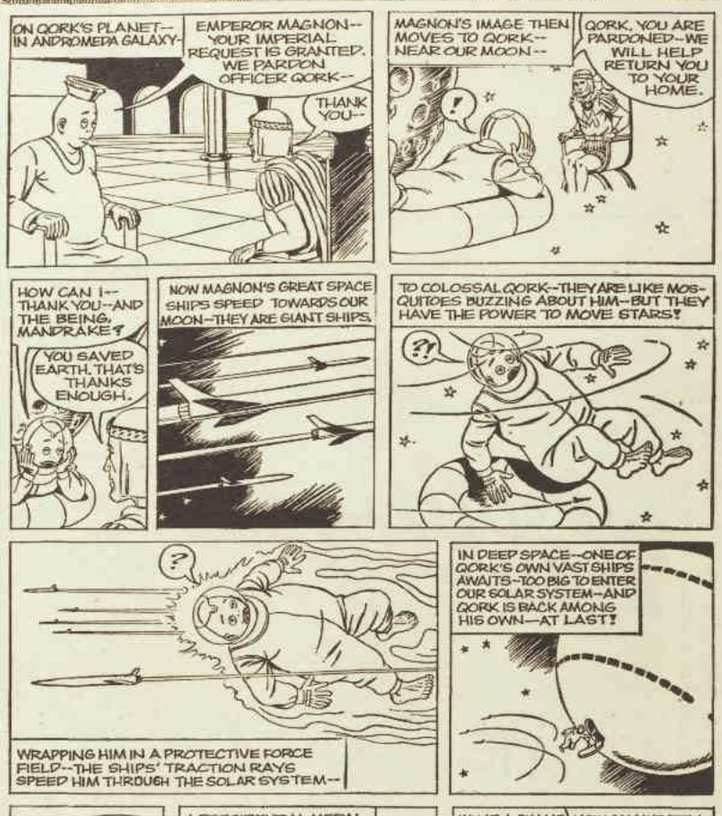
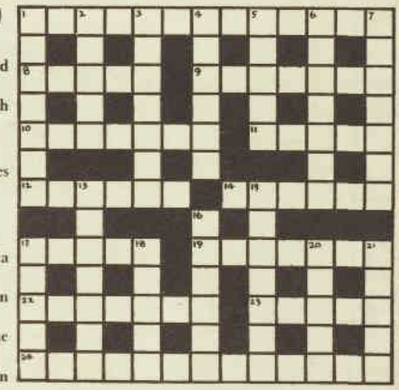
WHILE Qork waits behind the moon, Magnon pleads his case with the space giant's ruler, explaining how Qork saved Earth from the runaway asteroid. NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Economic advice for saving some thread (1, 6, 2, 4).
8. Alter for the better, but first finish your prayer (5).
9. Pierces (anagr., 7).
10. Sheep with descendants produces broadleaved garlics (7).
11. A funeral oration (5).
12. Ten closes this type of glove (6).
14. Man from an East Asian peninsula (6).
17. Long scarves worn by Hindu women (5).
19. Office in the Papal chancery in Rome (7).
22. There is moisture in the atmosphere in a ring (7).
23. A sweetheart (5).
24. These birds are no good to flog rich boys with (4, 4, 5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

1. A ragman can form it easily (7).
2. Her place is in the middle of the unit of heat (5).
3. To plead with the larva of an amphibian (7).
4. Torment — half of it with a donkey (6).
5. Mother of pearl made by a crane (5).
6. More lip (anagr., 7).
7. Era sent from the Orient (7).
13. Mitre in limits (7).
15. Issue with low ending (7).
16. Slow movement (6).
17. As a vegetable product it is dry, as man just a puppet (5).
18. Be parsimonious and devil takes the end (5).
20. Make merry (5).
21. Measures of land (5).

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And now it is so much easier to become slim—and to stay slim.

No need for hard-to-keep, complicated diets; no need for sickly food substitutes; no boring exercises. You eat normal food . . . and simply take three American Slimming Tablets each day. They reduce your appetite for fattening foods, and also assist your digestive processes to prevent food turning to fat. Nothing could be simpler—or safer.

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"For years I was terrified by rheumatism . . . steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended I try Mackenzie's Menthoids and my chemist confirmed his tremendous sales of Menthoids were recommendation enough. I tried Menthoids as a last hope.

Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, 'They certainly seem to be doing you good.'"

(Original letter in Head Office.)

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For the immediate relief of aches and pains, massage ***MENTHOID CREME*** *in the trouble spots. Menthoid Creme penetrates deep down to soothe painful areas and give quick, positive relief. Remember! It's* ***MENTHOID CREME*** *to relieve the local pain and* ***MENTHOIDS*** *to treat the cause.*

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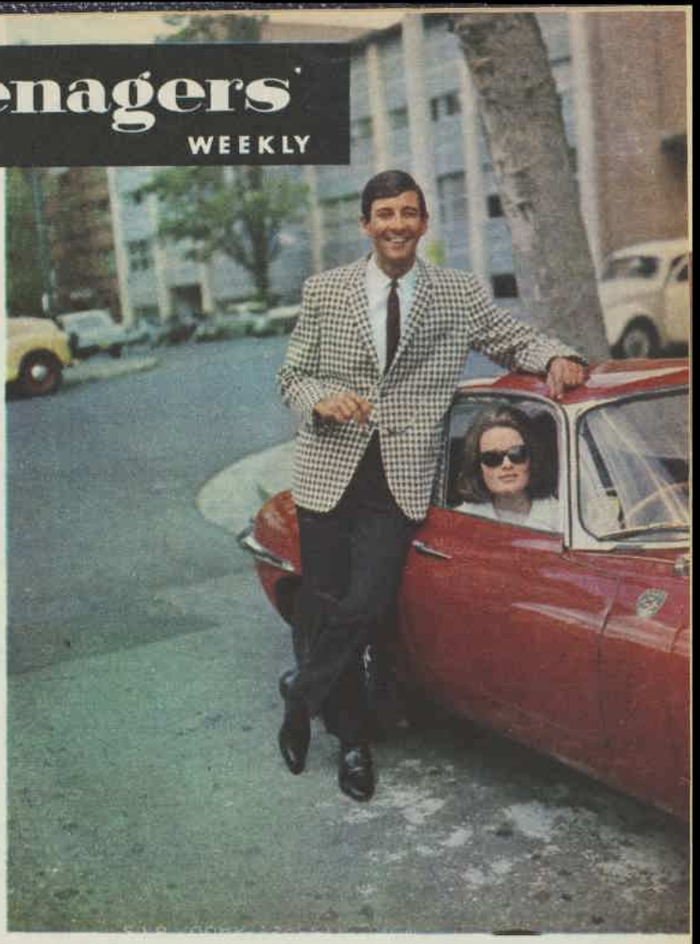
SAND-PARKAS (above) make perfect cover-ups for summer sailing or beach barbecues. Left, a sail-cloth parka is saddle-stitched, elbow-patched, and finished with a please-yourself hood, to team snappily with checked swim shorts. Practical nylon number, right, is worn with "faded" denim Makaha swim shorts. Pictures on this page by Ernie Nutt.



Bright new fashions for bright young men

● The clothes on this page are a selection from the 68 outfits chosen by the Men's Fashion Council for a recent Australia-wide tour. Forty-five manufacturers were represented in parades given in every State during a two-week trip organised by the Council — the most ambitious male fashion project ever attempted in Australia. Australian-made, the clothes were chosen for the parades to give an idea of what the smart young man can wear.

JAC-SHIRTS (they're half jacket, half shirt!) are easy to wear (above) and look fabulous for beach-wear, as in the bermuda suit seen left, with broad contrasting front panel effect. On the right, casual denim slacks team with another jac-shirt.

HOUNDSTOOTH check is still a very "in" fabric for sports coats (above), but this year it comes with a bigger and bolder difference, with the name of "dog's tooth." This jazzy version is worn with dark sports slacks.

SUIT far left features detachable sleeve-cuffs. Right, a narrow-brim hat gives finish to a plain suit. Both suits are two-buttoned, have the new slanted flap-pockets. Shirts are striped.

FORMAL sportswear (left) has gone subtle. Wafer-weight blazer features flap-pockets, and is worn with pale slacks. Elk suede shoes and matching tie in elegant Thai silk finish the outfit.

BOLD-AS-YOU-LIKE is the pass-word for colorful "extrovert" casual wear (right) for men. Here a bright denim stitched overshirt teams with striped bermuda shorts worn lazily for the beach, or dressed up with long white socks.

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Enjoy relief from the searing heat . . . keep cool with a Brinsmead Electric Fan. When not a breath of air stirs, and it is so stifling hot, is when you really appreciate a Brinsmead Fan. Wide oscillation, cools ALL the room, whisper quiet, refreshingly cool.
10" Personal, £16.17.6
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KITCHENS, TOO! Can be cooler when a Brinsmead Kitchen Exhaust Fan is installed . . . it removes stove heat quickly. Ceiling type from £11.9.6.
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE IDEAL GIFT!

Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Advance Australia Fair

WHEN Australia's Olympic Games gold medal victories were followed by the tune "God Save The Queen," I felt slightly dismayed.

This tune signifies a British colonial victory, rather than that of the individual country of Australia, and thus I feel that the more appropriate "Advance Australia Fair" should be played on such important occasions.

"Advance Australia Fair," which was Australia's song 50 years ago, has today practically left our language. Its revival and playing at such major sporting events as the Olympic Games would not only denote an Australian victory but would also serve as a strong force in the advance of Australia as a sporting nation.

Let us leave "God Save The Queen" to its rightful owner — Britain — and in playing "Advance Australia Fair" mark Australia as an individual nation rather than as a member of a group. — *"Frustrated Australian," Port Macquarie, N.S.W.*

Japanese dinner

NEXT time you plan a party, how about giving a Japanese dinner? Four couples make a nice crowd. Send out invitations decorated with dragons or oriental temples.

For the setting, round up some grass beach mats, and spread big, comfy cushions round a low coffee table. The food can consist of sukiyaki, rice dishes, and fortune cookies. The table itself can be set with bright napkins and straw or matchstick place-mats. Your guests will enjoy themselves, and you'll be a popular hostess. — *Lynn Hatch, Umina, N.S.W.*

Books at Christmas

EVERY Christmas my friends and I look through our story books, and when we find some in good condition we wrap them in Christmas paper and give them to an orphans' home nearby.

Lately the neighbors have been beginning to help, and last Christmas we had 88 books. If other teenagers tried this, what a merry Christmas it would be for the less fortunate. — *G. Mays, Concord, N.S.W.*

Teens in history

OUR history teacher really made herself and my class sit up and think how smug and complacent the teenagers of today are.

Few of us realise that the future of the world is really in the hands of the young. Unless youth is informed and idealistic, with a passion for social justice, and at least an appreciation of the struggles of history (for freedom of thought, speech, religion, and from oppression, exploitation, and discrimination), the world is doomed.

Countless thousands have given their lives in these struggles, and we owe our present conditions to them. Because there are still many imperfections, there is no room for prejudice or intolerance or even complacency. — *"The Philosopher," Double View, W.A.*

Ladies' choice

BEFORE a boy asks a girl to dance he has the opportunity of picking and choosing, so why is it thought that a girl is ill-mannered when she politely refuses a boy whom she doesn't want to dance with?

I feel that a girl should have the right to pick and choose, too. What do other readers think? — *E. Boersen, Acacia Ridge, Qld.*

"You can have the costume, like I'd prefer the figure."

Manners maketh man

● Readers have responded to Anne Parkinson's ten points on how to have good manners and be popular by coming up with some further suggestions of their own.

HERE are a few more points which my friends and I have put together:

1. Never contradict your elders sharply, even if you feel they are wrong.
2. Don't start eating your meal until all others are ready.
3. Take your turn in checkouts at stores.
4. Do not reprimand your boyfriend in public.
5. Never ask the price of an article of clothing someone else is wearing.— *Elaine Bull, Collaroy, N.S.W.*

THROUGH reading, seeing films, and discussing the matter, I have formed the following ideas of what makes a gentleman.

He opens the car door for you to get in first. He doesn't eye girls, but asks them politely to dance, accompanying them to and from their seats, not leaving them stranded in the middle of the floor feeling stupid.

At supper-time he does not go off to fill himself, but asks what refreshments you would like. He introduces you to his friends and includes you in the conversation, not just saying, "Hey, there's one of my mates."

After a dance he will thank you (even though you stood on his feet).

Well, my boyfriend's a gentleman, but occasionally he forgets little things. How do other girls get along? Would their boyfriends pass the test above? — *"Gentleman-mad," Gembrook, Vic.*

HAVING successfully tried out some of Anne Parkinson's advice, I have found some more ideas which may be helpful to boys and girls.

1. Don't monopolise the conversation.
2. Don't carry grudges.
3. Let people know that they can depend on you in an emergency.
4. Don't spend a long time on the telephone.
5. Don't confide in everyone.

For girls:

6. Learn about cars and sport.
7. Have a wide circle of friends, not just one or two.
8. Go home with the date you came with.

For boys:

9. Offer to baby-sit.
10. Praise your mother's meals.
11. Don't lead a girl on to think you like her when you don't.
12. Always keep your room neat and clean.— *"Popular," Warradale, S.A.*

ONE hint on good manners I don't agree with is: "Don't make it obvious you have forgotten someone's name."

I find it safer, if you find yourself talking with someone whose name has slipped your memory, to tell them so. People don't mind in the least reintroducing themselves and half the time inquire: "And what is your name again?"

There is nothing rude about a few names slipping your mind when you are introduced to a crowd in a few seconds flat — most people find it most confusing and very hard to remember everyone's name. — *Margaret Plucke, Waverley, N.S.W.*

FOR girls who want to be popular here are two suggestions:

If your partner apologises for his dancing, compliment him on his natural rhythm. If you are dancing with one boy don't look around trying to find another.

And for boys: Don't drive too fast—the girl's parents will like you better. Don't boast about other girls you have taken out.

Boys will be more popular with their own parents if they don't leave the petrol tank of the car empty, and tell them about their sports and activities. — *Yvonne Fetherston, North Narrabeen, N.S.W.*

Australian volunteers . . .

DAMIAN COLERIDGE, who wrote about America's Peace Corps, will probably be interested to know that we already have a similar organisation. The Overseas Service Bureau was established in 1961 to serve in the developing societies of Asia, Africa, and the Pacific.

This Bureau has launched a wider programme, namely, Australian Volunteers Abroad. Twenty-one volunteers are abroad, and about the same number are to be sent next year.

This may not seem a large number, but the Bureau is financed by donations from individuals, sponsoring organisations, and trusts. Finance available is limited, so maybe, Damian, you can help us continue this wonderful plan.

I share the enthusiasm as I am fortunate enough to be one of the 1965 volunteers. —*Barbara Mills, Marino, S.A.*

. . . abroad

EIGHT volunteer graduates of the Overseas Service Bureau are working in Indonesia at the present time. They are two agricultural scientists, an electrical engineer, two economists, an English teacher, an occupational therapist, and a social worker.

Graduate teachers and other young professional people are needed for two-year assignments in Africa, Malaysia, and India. In August each year volunteers aged 18 or more are recruited to serve for one year as auxiliary teachers, nurses, hospital and clerical staff, engineers, mechanics, and craftsmen in New Guinea or the Pacific Islands.

The Bureau provides fares and insurance and the host country gives board, medical care, and pocket money. Applicants may choose to join for one or two years but must be willing to serve in any area and on any project to which they are organised.

The office of the Bureau is situated in Majorca Building, 260 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. — *Alice Moore, Klemzig, S.A.*

NEXT WEEK

● Color pictures and story about Christine Kinder, who built a Heron-class sailing-boat.
● Are you a Delicious apple or a Crab apple? Try our quiz.
● Barry Cardiff, well-known surfer, is interviewed on the dangers of board-riding.

Present for Mum

READING of teenagers who were wondering about a different birthday or Christmas gift for their mothers prompted me to write and tell you of my teenage daughter's gift to me for Mother's Day.

She arranged for me to have a facial and hairdo on the day before her sister's wedding. As I am a busy mother of five I usually don't have time for these things.

It was a wonderfully relaxing experience, I felt thoroughly spoiled, and I came home ready to cope with the wedding without any fuss or bother. This is a present I recommend.— *"F.O.L.," Carnegie, Vic.*

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YOU JUST GET 'WITH IT' — THEN IT'S GONE

THE BEAT LOOK

By JENNY IRVINE, who also did the drawings.

● *Do you ever look in the mirror and come out in goose-pimples? I do. Not all the time — just when being a pear-shaped girl trying to keep up with the ever-changing fashions in beauty becomes just too much to bear!*

I SIT in front of the mirror asking myself why Roman noses, hour-glass figures, and sausage arms can't still be the vogue.

"Why," I mutter, "does the Venus of this age have to be reed-slim with caved-in cheeks, a pert nose, and large eyes? And why do I have to have rosey, apple-round cheeks, be robustly healthy, and kindly called plump?"

This doesn't worry me all the time — in fact, most of the time I am a perfectly normal, happy girl. But sometimes this mouse race to be beautiful, "with it," and slim is murder.

Since I left school I have gone through a variety of phases in fashion — none of which were created with my figure type in mind.

For a while the "Gigi" look was in — ruffled shirts and velvet skirts. They look ideal on feminine, fragile, big-eyed girls. But I went with the crowd, and no sooner had I acquired my ruffled shirts and velvet skirts when, BANG, in came the Beat trend.

So it was on with the green eye-shadow, white powder, and black stockings. Most proper Beats wore their hair long, but mine — it just doesn't grow. So with my big sweaters, medallions on chains, and pasty face I was never really "way out."

I was too healthy, and my hair too short and curly.

I had just started borrowing my father's sweaters and kid sister's school stockings when the fashion changed again — oh, agony! The Beat garb does not go with the Bardot look. So into ginghams and sandals I went.

But somehow — although I have always rather imagined I had a Bardot pout —this fashion wasn't right, either. Puffed sleeves just weren't ME and somehow I never managed to acquire those long, slim, brown legs that went with the masses of Bardot broderie anglaise and lace!

From the Bardot look I went through an intellectual stage — and my parents hated it more than the other looks put together.

In horn-rimmed glasses, tartan skirts, and sensible brogues I plodded to work. This trend suited me, I thought, rather well — for once my figure didn't matter.

But I soon discovered that although I attracted attention it was not with date-like interest, but with a rather peculiar fascination— as a professor would look at an unusual bug!

Then I was hit by the "sissy" trend. Bows on every conceivable place, frills at wrist and throat, artificial flowers in hair. My face changed, too. I couldn't achieve fragility, but I did manage to obtain a more feminine approach than my last face.

I drew cupid lips on my mouth and batted what I thought were "come hither" eyes. They were, in fact, "go whither."

My figure never suited any of these trends. I would go on banana and milk diets for two days and then on the third day be completely ravenous and drink chocolate milkshakes and eat strawberry flavored ice-cream.

There were many more fashion phases I passed through while my mother — past the agonies of teenagers being "with it"—remained serene and elegant in the suits, cashmere sweaters, and good clothes she had always had.

"Good clothes and classic styles never date," she told me. So with my slim pay packet I thought I would become "classical" and I put a wonderful English imported tweed winter skirt on lay-by.

Paying 10/- a week on my first (and only) "good" garment I was able to take home my heavy tweed skirt in September—just in time for spring!

All this time I was reading up on "Find your beauty type — Dress to suit it" articles. Well it's not Mod, Cleo, Topless, Little Boy or Tom Jones, but I have found it.

I went to a fancy dress party and discovered I looked divine as a seventeenth-century, curvaceous (they didn't use FAT in those days) femme fatale... But how often does one get invited to a fancy dress party?

THE INTELLECTUAL LOOK

THE LITTLE BOY LOOK

THE GIGI LOOK

THE BARDOT LOOK

THE CLASSICS

BRAHMS: Piano works

WE tend to associate the name of Brahms with large and serious works like the symphonies and concertos, and the massively bearded appearance of his portraits reinforces this impression of severity and solemnity.

But many people feel that the gentle and lyrical side of his music is not only the most likeable but also the truest expression of his nature.

We find this side of Brahms at its most mature and appealing in most of the smaller piano pieces that he composed late in life. The last 13 of these pieces (Opus 117, 118, and 119) have been recorded complete on one disc by Julius Katchen (Decca).

The disc is the first in a projected complete recording by Katchen of Brahms' piano works, and it promises well. The delicacy, precision, and insight which Katchen shows here will pleasantly surprise those who found this American pianist rather too much the hard-driving virtuoso on his last Australian tour.

— MARTIN LONG.

ROUND ROBIN

BEATLES NO GARDEN BUGBEAR

BEATLE music is good for growing plants, it seems. I read that a 15-year-old American girl recently carried out an experiment with four trays of radish seeds.

Each tray received identical help from Mother Nature—same soil, water, and sunlight.

But the girl, Lyn Boshkov, then played music to three of the trays.

One got three-quarters of an hour daily recorded music by an opera singer.

The second received an earful of symphony music. The other "listened" to The Beatles.

When the radishes were dug and weighed, The Beatles' ones were at least twice as big as the others.

Farmers, no doubt, will do something with Lyn's discovery. They could then be called Silver Beetniks.

All jokes (well, I think they are!) aside, music and gardening have had links for a long time.

There is, for instance, the very old nursery rhyme that goes: Peter, Paul, and Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?

Peter, Paul, etc., have, of course, recorded a famous song with a garden theme.

I refer to their "Puff the Magic Snapdragon"!

The danger of being an artist associated with flowers or vegetables is that one can become a has-bean.

Perhaps The Beatles should not be too complacent about their triumph in the U.S. growing experiment.

They might wish they had inspired a flower to grow.

It's all bound up with their artistic success. After all, in a vegetable garden there's not much fuchsia.

— Robin Adair

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Goodbye TEENA, hello PONYTAIL

• Hilda Terry has stopped drawing Teena. To replace her popular comic character, next week we start the Ponytail series. Ponytail is another wacky teenager whose antics and comments will delight you. U.S. creator of Ponytail, Lee Holley, and his wife visited Teenagers' Weekly earlier this year.

We interviewed the Holleys and learnt the fascinating story of how a best-selling cartoon is born and how its creator works . . .

IT'S AN 'ETERNAL TRIANGLE,' BUT EVERYONE'S HAPPY

• For a loving wife—a bride of 20 months, at that—Tricia Holley, of California, U.S.A., is tolerant, even affectionate, toward the "other woman" in the life of her handsome husband, Lee.

EVEN though the interloper is pretty, younger, and showers on Mr. Holley luxuries such as a ski lodge and world trips (in return for monopolising much of his time), Mrs. Holley still doesn't mind.

The explanation is that the femme fatale is a newspaper cartoon character.

Called Ponytail, to the Holleys (and millions of readers throughout the world) the character is the epitome of American girlhood at 15 or 16.

Mr. Holley, 31, of San Francisco, created Ponytail three and a half years ago when he had been assistant artist for two years to Hank Ketcham, "father" of Dennis the Menace, the famous comic-strip and TV child troublemaker.

For three years before joining Hank Ketcham Mr. Holley had been an animator at Warner Bros. Hollywood studios, making move such famous film stars as Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck.

Even during the previous four years, when he was in the U.S. Navy (he fought in the Korean War), Mr. Holley found time to draw.

He contributed cartoons to service newspapers.

Since his childhood in the Californian town of Monterey (his father, a machinist, and mother still live there) Lee Holley wanted to be a cartoonist.

Military service interrupted his plans, but after discharge he attended art school at night, then went to work at Warners'.

It was Mr. Holley's ambition to create a cartoon character that led him to work on Dennis the Menace.

"I roughed out a cartoon series about a teenage boy and sent it to Hank Ketcham for an opinion," Mr. Holley said.

"He didn't like it much, but offered me a job with him.

"For three years I helped produce Dennis.

AMERICAN cartoonist Lee Holley, pictured with his wife, Tricia, sketching Ponytail in our office.

Translated

"During my last year with Mr. Ketcham I dreamed up Ponytail.

"I offered it to a major syndication organisation and they signed us up."

At first Ponytail was sold to 13 papers in the United States as a daily panel.

Now readers of 200 U.S. papers can follow Ponytail.

The cartoons also appear — sometimes translated — in New Zealand, Finland, Denmark, Sweden, South America, Japan, Iceland, and the Philippines.

As well as the daily panel Mr. Holley now also produces a Ponytail strip for Sunday newspaper comic sections and magazines, and a quarterly comic book. There are regularly published books featuring selections of published cartoons, too.

The Ponytail characters are not all completely imaginary.

Ponytail's "steady," a 16-year-old named Donald, was modelled in many ways on

By ROBIN ADAIR

Mr. Holley's then-teenage brother.

Donald's crewcut, freckles, and lanky build were "borrowed."

Producing Ponytail is sometimes hard work, sometimes easy, says Mr. Holley.

"Once I have the situation (dreamed up by either me or a professional writer in New York) I find it easy," he said.

"Often, however, a situation doesn't present itself immediately and I worry."

Mr. Holley says his main problem is to keep up with teenage trends and make his characters realistic.

"I have to constantly watch stories about teenagers and keep an eye out for new dances, slang expressions, and fashions.

"Sometimes I even have to have a 'crystal ball' for these things!

"I work 10 weeks ahead with my cartoons.

"These days a dance craze, say, can be born, flourish, and die in that time.

"So unless I'm sure a fad will last for a while I steer clear of it."

Mr. Holley also has the problem of trying not to offend readers, however unintentionally.

Ponytail's bikinis, for instance, must not be too brief. (Of course, in the interests of accuracy they must not be too covering!)

Mr. Holley also ignored the craze for the just-knee-length ya-ya dresses.

Sometimes, however, even the artist's best intentions don't work out.

"None of my principal characters smoke or drink liquor—but even that wasn't good enough once," he said.

"I had a teacher smoking a pipe in one panel. I thought that was harmless, but a few letter writers didn't."

Ponytail fits happily into the Holley family.

"After only three and a half years I can't see myself growing tired of the characters or the work.

"I know, of course, that many creators grow bored stiff by the same thing—look how Conan Doyle felt obliged to kill off Sherlock Holmes."

While Ponytail, Donald, and their pals are still always "broke," Mr. Holley's fortunes have improved.

"Home" is now a luxury apartment in the San Francisco southern suburb of Belmont and a winter lodge at Lake Tahoe, on the California-Nevada border.

The lodge is in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, near Squaw Valley, where the 1960 Winter Olympics were held.

Skiing and tennis are the Holleys' favorite sports.

Next year, however, the couple will live "for as long as we feel like it" in Britain and on the Continent.

"This points up the most appealing side of my work," Mr. Holley said.

"Home" work

"I can work anywhere — as long as there is a letterbox to dispatch my cartoons."

The trip to Britain appeals particularly to Scottish-born Mrs. Holley, whose parents live in London.

Her father is a Scotland Yard senior detective.

Mr. Holley met his bride, then an American international airline stewardess, two years ago in San Francisco.

When I interviewed the couple Mrs. Holley had worked on a flight from San Francisco to Sydney.

Mr. Holley had been a passenger on the same plane.

"How could I be jealous of Ponytail?" said Mrs. Holley.

"Not many other husbands can take time off to keep their wives company while they're at work!"

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Tag-along nuisance won't take the hint

Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

● "I am 16 years old, and a girl who is four years younger than I am has been living with us recently. My big problem is that I cannot go out unless I take her with me. The worst thing is that she puts on airs and graces and makes up stories about my friends if she does not like them. She pushes herself toward boys and none of my friends can stand her. Even though I try to stop them, everyone is rude to her, but still she won't take the hint, as she considers herself too old for her own age group. I've discussed the matter with Mum and she understands, but it doesn't seem to have made much difference."

"Squashed Aussie," Vic.

IT is only this girl's feelings of inadequacy, I'm sure, that make her behave so badly when she is out with you and your friends.

I do think a girl of 12 is far too young to mix with 16- and 17-year-olds, though.

Ask your mother to stop making you take her along with you whenever you go out—and explain to the girl that she should have her own friends, whether or not she considers them too juvenile.

She is just trying to grow up too quickly.

Try to be kind to her, and help her by explaining to her that your friends think her silly and juvenile because she tries to keep up with people older than she is.

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and private address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

Flirt that hurts

"I AM in love with a wonderful boy who told me he liked me, but since the arrival of a new girl at school his attention has turned toward her. She is a flirt and I know she will hurt him. She knows how I feel about this boy and now flirts with him every opportunity she gets. When he first came to our school he was quiet and shy, but she has changed him, and I have now found out that he has started smoking. He even deliberately avoids me now, but I feel that he still might like me. Please help me as I cry at night when I think of her hurting him and changing him."

"Unhappy," S.A.

Are you being quite honest when you say you cry thinking of this girl hurting him—or is it because she has taken him away?

I can't help feeling that you are trying to build up a case against this girl, and while I can sympathise, I don't think it's going to help you at all.

It seems pretty clear that this boy has left you for someone else. Don't make yourself bitter over it.

Make a superhuman effort to forget him—and her.

Untrue rumors

"I AM 15 and recently went to a picnic, and a certain boy has made up rumors about me and himself. These stories have spread all round my district and I am afraid to go out with any boys, as I think they might only be taking me out because of what this boy has been telling them. How can I stop this boy telling these terrible stories about me?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

Tell your parents or your headmistress at school, and ask them to deal with the situation for you.

Too young to love

"I AM 13 and deeply in love with a boy in our form at school. However, I don't know whether he likes me or not. Should I ask him? Also, sometimes I see him talking to two other girls and I get very jealous."

"Jealous," Vic.

You're too young to be worrying about falling in love. You will only make yourself seem silly if you ask this boy if he likes you—or if you show your jealousy when he talks to other girls.

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

Play it cool

IT'S the details that do it—the way some girls have of looking daisy fresh when everyone else is melting with the heat. The trick of looking cool and pretty is well worth learning; all it takes is attention to details like these:

Get your hair up and away off your neck. Do it in a fashion that is smooth, tidy, and secure, or keep it short and frilly.

Change your make-up once, or even twice, during a day; those little cleansing pads impregnated with cleansing lotion that whisk off make-up in no time at all are the shot. And ensure against a shiny red face that always looks so hot by wearing thin, moisture-withstanding make-up base.

Wear just enough lipstick to color, not enough to thicken. Keep well blotted with tissues.

Give hands that get too warm in summer the feeling of coolness straight from your handbag with stick cologne or one of those refreshing jelly preparations.

Choose cool colors and simple lines in clothes with dress shields to keep material from sticking to your skin.

Wear airy, comfortable shoes and change them a couple of times a day. What a difference the change makes!

Take more baths, use more bath powder, shampoo oftener, be meticulously neat.

—CAROLYN EARLE

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It's the wonderful, crunchy-rich SAO pie crust that makes the flavourful difference to this delectable pie. So easy to make — no baking, just chill and then fill to recipe, or with your favourite filling.

FIRST: Place cutting board on sheet of grease-proof paper. With rolling pin, crush into crumbs, sufficient biscuits to make 1¼ cups of crumbs.
THEN: Slide crumbs on to grease-proof paper, measure in cup and transfer to bowl. Combine crumbs with 2 level tablespoons of icing sugar and 4 ozs. melted shortening. Blend well together.
NEXT: Using the back of a tablespoon, press the mixture around sides and base of a well-greased 9" pie plate or spring-form tin. Chill in refrigerator.
FILL: With your favourite filling or any of the following Instant Pudding Mixes: Butterscotch, Caramel, Banana, Vanilla, or try the Strawberry as is shown in the above illustration.

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